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THE DAIRY-MAID.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

She is not in the house, but her mother says
With a twinkling light in her kind old eyes,
That down at the dairy she, tittering, stays;
And thither I creep to dare the dairy.

Oh! the spring house, then so full to overflowing,
When the fluttering noise of a bustling stirring
Greets me on to the deep-set dairy door.

I will venture for once to be over-bold,
And softly the sweet trial of her small brown hand
That turns the butter as yellow as gold;
But I dare not for there in her tawny sire stands.
She stands by the churn in her simple dress,
And my eyes give a quiver, and then in stealth
Her feet feel nobler consciousness
Of the pretty pose of her graceless health.

A freckled brown from the sun-ray caressing
Is mantling over her fair cheek;
Her loose locks are cast through her sunsolid eyes,
Then they flutter and droop as my own they
meet.

The rude drops her task with a frightened air,
And smoothe her apron in maiden fear,
Fearing evil longings: "It was not fair
For brother to send you to seek me here?"

"Nay, sweetheart, give me your berry-brown
hand
And give me your cherry-ripe lips to kiss!
By you fancy I deem you less fair in your stand
In your work-day gown, and at labor like this!"
Then she turns to her churn with a downcast look,
And finishes over each stroke a song;
Her little heart quakes at the sound of my voice,
Becomes your mystery of form and face.

Your teeth are white as the curl in the bay,
Your eyes are nine as the billow at noon;
Your breath is sweet as the rose-moon bay
When it comes of the harvest-rides by in the
moon.

Your soul is pure and as crystal-clear
As the water that bubbles in the cool spring;
And yourself, my darling, my heart must dear
Than ever we talk by the spring.

Here let me watch you sweet-tawny noted
Into golden shapes by your dainty hands,
And then we will back to the farm-house road,
Through the wooded path by the pasture-
lands.

Proud am I that the wise my wife will control
Can work, and be glad, and be never afraid;
Pity an womanly beauty of body and soul
There's no color to compare with my Dairy-
maid.

THE BLACK DOCTOR;
OR, THE
Prophecy of the Voodoo King.

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF THE SPANISH RULE IN LOUISIANA.

BY WILLIAM HENRY PEAK,
Professor of Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres in the University of the State of Louisiana.

CHAPTER III.

SOMETHING OF MERCITA.

"Madame Ruth Delgado, an hour ere we left, how long hath Mr. Adrian occupied that room?"

"I need to be the bedroom of Mr. Leon—the eldest son of my guardian?"

"Yes. Mr. Adrian's bedroom then adjoined it. Is it not so, Madame Ruth?"

"Yes, Monsieur Sejour, it was so then."

"Two days before that day, Mr. Leon selected a bedroom another part of the house, and Mr. Adrian took that which had been Mr. Leon's. Is it not of this I?"

"Presently, Madame. It was not known to the household that Mr. Leon was going away?"

"No, Sejour. Why do you ask?"

"Presently, Madame. It was said among many of the household until the next day, that is, until that, that Mr. Leon had left this city a few hours before your illness?"

"The report was circulated by Mr. Leon on the evening of May 30, that he would leave the city stating simply that he was going to Mobile, and requesting to be absent for a week and more, was not delivered here until the next day."

"Then, Madame," said Sejour, bowing until his chin reached himself, "the poisoned bowl and teacup, it is not presumed by a household that they were meant for you, but been intended for Mr. Adrian, but for Mr. Leon?"

"Can amuse me, Sejour," exclaimed Madame Ruth, again startled. "What do you mean?"

I mean, Madame, that since none of your household would have any reason to wish you to very painful that all and all of the household know nothing of the fact that the two young gentlemen no longer occupied the bedrooms they had been in the custom of using."

That is very probable, Sejour. The domestic customs of the house I have not made any concern of mine."

Then, if the confection was poisoned by one ignorant of the fact that the bedroom was no longer Mr. Leon's, it was the life of Mr. Leon that is aimed at.

"Certainly; if the poisoning was done by one not of the household, and unaware that it was no such have been by Mr. Adrian. And if the fact was known only to a few persons of the household, I hope none of my household is guilty."

"Assured, was intended for Mr. Leon, I am sure of that," said Sejour. "Does Madame suspect any one of the household?"

"None. How could I?"

"Then, if the fatal Demane confection placed every night in the separate bedrooms of the young gentlemen?"

"Yes; whenever they are expected to be at home."

"So, of course, on the night of the 1st, sliced and sugared orange and a flagon of gingerop were placed in the bedroom of Mr. Leon?"

"I have no doubt of it. Yet, to be assured, I will ring for Antonia," and Madame Ruth reached toward the bell cord.

But Sejour said quickly:

"Do not, Madame. I know that the usual confection was placed in the room of Mr. Leon?"

"You know it?"

"Yes, Madame, as I looked in that room, on the night of the 1st. The confection was there; and, Madame, like that in the room of Mr. Adrian, it was impregnated with the poison of which you partook."

"You are sure of that?" demanded Madame Ruth, starting nearly to her feet.

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1872, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS, AT WASHINGTON.

MERCITA THREATENING CAPTAIN SANCHO PERES WITH ARREST.

"As sure as I am that I live," replied Sejour firmly, and with a shake of his head that made his helix clash sharply.

"Then, Gods!" exclaimed Madame Ruth.

"Oh," said Sejour, as if amazed by this speculation of gratitude and joy.

"I have my reasons, Sejour, for thinking God that the confection prepared for both of my grandsons was poisoned, or rather, that so that of one was poisoned, but the other's safe."

"Oh, yes," mentally added Madame Ruth, "safe; would I see them both dead, and by the poison of no assassin, than that either should be poisoned by the hand of Mercita."

"The suspicion," said Sejour, though he was careful to say so to himself, "that Leon de Vargas poisoned the confection in Adrian Dudley's room, Now, since she has been told that the confection in Mr. Leon's room was also poisoned, she knows that Adrian also no longer thinks Leon is guilty."

"Now," said Madame Ruth, her dark eyes flashing with a terrible rage and desire to punish the unknown assassin, "it is plain that the lives of both of my grandsons were attempted. Is it not so, Adrian Sejour?"

"Undoubtedly, perhaps," said Sejour, Sejour, and guessing."

"It is my belief, Madame," and again the Voodoo doctor bowed nearly to the floor, "that none than two lives were assumed by that poison."

"Only two?"

"Yes, Madame. Three."

"Three, Sejour, is the third life that was attempted?"

"The life that should be sacred to all," replied Sejour, with one of his lowest bows. "The life of Madame."

"My life?"

"Your life, Madame."

"Then," said Madame Ruth, now greatly surprised, "do you assert that an attempt was made to poison my grandsons and me?"

"It is not the custom of Madame to visit the bedrooms of each of her grandsons ere she sleeps, every night, to chat a little with them, and to ask a little of the confection of each?"

"That is true, Sejour. Such has been my habit for years."

"And of so long a continuance, Madame, that it might readily be known to any member of Madame's household?"

"Sejour, I believe, I can suspect the guilt of no one of my household. But wait, I will call Antonia, and ask her if she knows." But what proof can you show me in this case, or any one, believe that the confection in Mr. Leon's room would have harmed me, or my one, and, I partaken of that instead of Mr. Adrian?"

Sejour bowed nearly to the floor; his black head nearly touching the carpet, and then he chuckled, and in a deep, solemn tone, replied in one word:

"Death!"

"Good Heavens! what does the man mean?" cried Madame Ruth, shuddering. "Did any one partake of the confection in Mr. Leon's room on the night of the 31st?"

"Madame—"

"Speak, Sejour!" asked Madame Ruth, in a whisper, for indeed speech she could not use at that moment.

"And God, Madame—"

"By the poison?"

"By the potent undoubtedly, Madame."

Madame Ruth, almost stupefied with dismay, grief, horror and surprise, sank down in a chair.

Sejour drew a vial from one of his many pockets, advanced to Madame Ruth, and let drops of the contents of the vial into a small glass upon, and gave it to Madame Ruth, saying:

Madame will not hesitate to take a stimulant from one who has saved her life from a poison that would have killed her."

"It was one of my servants, not one of my grandsons, that died?"

"One of Madame's servants."

"I feared—for I have seen neither of my grandsons since the first of May—that it was being kept from me that either Leon or Adrian had been poisoned, and that one of them was taking the medicine offered by Sejour. No—I will not take any more of your medicine, Sejour," she said firmly, though shuddering.

"I am strong again. Man, I—I seem to be inhaling poison in every breath I draw. Smells the perfumed air of this essence, which is harmless," said Sejour, who then doubled the quantity in the spoon and swallowed the stimulant himself.

"Not another sacrifice, Sejour. Which one of my servants was so unfortunate?"

"Madame, I will tell you. Mercita is dead."

"Mercita!" exclaimed Madame Ruth. "Mercita dead! Mercita poisoned! Mercita murdered! Oh, Sejour, Sejour, you must find the assassin, and punish the unknown assassin. It is plain that lives of both of my grandsons were attempted. Is it not so, Adrian Sejour?"

"Undoubtedly, perhaps—but still," said Sejour, and guessing."

"It is my belief, Madame," and again the Voodoo doctor bowed nearly to the floor, "that more than two lives were assumed by that poison."

"Only two?"

"Yes, Madame. Three."

"Three, Sejour, is the third life that was attempted?"

"The life that should be sacred to all," replied Sejour, with one of his lowest bows. "The life of Madame."

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Peres was meandering along one of the streets of Havana, smoking a cigar, and noting the fine brick residences which white he had not seen for years, when a negro boy touched him on the arm, and handed him a note. The boy ran away instantly. At the same moment a veiled lady who had watched the boy until she (also) believed the note also vanished from that street on which Peres was walking.

Peres, startled at the supercognition of the note, and seeing the boy running away, unfolded, and unfolded mechanically, and muttered of

"This is an invitation to an interview, no doubt, from some fair one. Ha! how delightfully performed it is!" he added, as he broke the seal. "But I have no time to waste."

A dissolute smile of self-conceit was upon his face as he broke the seal. A grin of disgust and a pallor of sudden terror came over them, as he perused the delicately written lines that met his eye.

The lines were these, in Spanish:

"Senor Peres will immediately prepare to go to the office of the Spanish Consul, where he will be shown to the private office of his deputy next to-morrow, at six o'clock P. M. A secret must be communicated to him, which will be of the most vital importance to Senor Peres. Senor Peres will be expected to be present. Senor Peres will be arrested a few minutes after 6 P. M. to-morrow. Failing to begin to day to prepare to go to the office of the Spanish Consul, Senor Peres will be arrested for the same charge under which he will be arrested to-morrow. Senor Peres will from one to see and not to see."

There was no signature to the note, but it contained a hint of the Black Art which was very large amount.

"Gods!" muttered Peres, as he wiped a cold and sudden perspiration from his face. "Can it be? Unfortunately he was personal to a woman. The crew were all asleep when he left the ship, and he could not find a trace of that. No one saw me, I think. But here is proof that some one did see me. But there was no woman aboard. And not one of the crew could write more than his name. What can it be? What must I think? What shall I do?"

A quick-note, crisp and new, crackled in his fingers.

"Oh, true I will see if this note is genuine," muttered Peres, as he hurried from the spot. "If it is—why, then I must obey the unknown. There was no one on board the ship but Jonas—but—unless she was disguised as a man. I have it! Jonas, the sailor, and stowed in the forehold with his fist. The old negro! Ha! ha! ha! I will see if this note is genuine, and if so, I will obey the unknown. The old negro must have been a woman in disguise, and a woman was the cause of all others of the crew were known to me, and are now in Mobile. Ha! ha! ha! I will see if this note is genuine, and if it is, why, the unknown pays me for my trouble, and I am relieved of the expense of the journey to New Orleans for the gold that this note calls for."

He turned to, the office of the named money-broker. The latter, after a careful examination of the note, said:

"It is genuine."

"Then I can get the amount in gold?"

"Yes, Senor Peres, you can."

"What is that to you, since the note is good and genuine?" asked Peres.

"Oh, nothing, Senor Peres. I asked from mere curiosity, and because the note-holder who was a Jew."

"Ah, yes. You obtained it from a Jew?" said Peres, with affected carelessness.

"No—not from a Spanish merchant—but of course I asked Peres, with affected carelessness.

"One told me that it was very probable that you—"

"That I?"

"That Captain Sancho Peres would call here and sell it a certain note on the bank of Spain was genuine."

"The same note?"

"Yes, Senor; no doubt. A note of the Royal Bank of Spain, No. 11,726—see—the number is 72—with this mark on the upper right-hand corner of the note."

The mark pointed out by the money-broker was shaped like a St. Andrew's cross, or the letter X.

"A Spanish naval officer told you that I would come to you with this note, and ask you if it was good? said Peres, amazed, and yet relieved by the fact that some one had outlined the course of events."

"I do not know who he was. He showed me the note in my presence and then came across on it. He told me that probably you would call with the note."

"But why did he tell you that?"

"He said that he was a money-broker, and in search of a customer, and I might be one. He said that Captain Peres would be only at this time of day that I told you he would. Then he will be aware that I am in earnest."

Peres was very much relieved as he wrote them down" and the money-broker showed a paper on which he had written a receipt for

Peres read the words, but of course found that he had to sign.

"Well, it is not matter," he said, with perfectly affected carelessness. "Yes will give me the gold which the note calls for."

Certainly, with the usual percentage."

And the money-broker counted out to Peres nearly fifteen hundred dollars in gold doubloons.

"I will keep the note, Senores," Peres said. And now never saw this Spanish naval officer since" added Peres, as he secured the note in his pocket-book.

"Nor I, Senor Peres."

"And where may he have ?"

"His morning, Senor."

"This evening? Well, we will say no more about it," said Peres. "I have no doubt that I understand the affair. Good-day, Senor."

But if I do understand head or tail of this matter," said Peres to himself as he left the place, "I do not understand it. Why should I be called upon to obey the order of the unknown? Why should I be called upon to go to the office of the Consul already around my throat? I am curious! I think the unknown is in earnest.

A hundred dollars per annum and a house keeper, a substitute, to New Orleans! I wish I could get a substitute! Nevertheless, a magnificent price each. Twelve thousand reals each?"

Peres was on his way to the office from Havana for New Orleans, with one passenger, a mulatteress.

The mulatteress was Mercita.

During the voyage from Havana to *New Orleans* she occupied alone the cabin of *The Swallow*, Captain *Peres*, acting faithfully in the interests of the unknown, who had paid the money to the money-broker which Peres gave him before the schooner left the harbor of Havana, did not suppose that Peres would permit any one else to do so, except a boy who was the cook's assistant.

A few days after the arrival of *The Swallow* in the harbor of New Orleans, Peres called on Madame Ruth Delgado.

"Madame," he said to the stately old lady—not so old then as when we introduced her and the Voodoo doctor, Adrante Sejour, to the reader—"I am told that you have a woman, not too young, and yet not old, to act as a servant in your household."

"I do, as I find it hard to fill the place left vacant by the death of Mercita."

"Mercita is dead?"

"I have a woman who may suit you, Madame," said Peres, who knew very much the night of the mercita of Mercita, and on the voyage had learned much of Madame Ruth Delgado.

"Is she a good cook, Master?" asked Madame Ruth.

"He has the right to tell me, Madame," was the reply, in French, and in a low voice.

"Can you speak English?"

"Yes, Madame, French and Spanish also," replied Captain Peres says that you can read and write English and Spanish also."

"Is she a Mulatto?"

"Write something for me. Here are writing materials. Write what I dictate." Anything. Your age, your name, the place of your birth, and the names of your father and mother, if you have any, for, that shall fill that sheet."

Madame Ruth, with a look of surprise, but of writing and saying nothing of my intention, wrote what Peres dictated. "Is that all I will write something?" and with grace and dignity Madame Ruth, the lovely Creole of first part in English, the second in French. She then handed the sheet to Peres, and he read:

"In this prayer, written with genuine regard for the signed but one word, Mercita, or Mercita."

Madame Ruth was more than surprised. She was amazed. She said, after a long pause:

"Mercita! Mercita! Mercita! Anything. Your age, your name, the place of your birth, and the names of your father and mother, if you have any, for, that shall fill that sheet."

Madame Ruth, with a look of surprise, but of writing and saying nothing of my intention, wrote what Peres dictated. "Is that all I will write something?" and with grace and dignity Madame Ruth, the lovely Creole of first part in English, the second in French. She then handed the sheet to Peres, and he read:

"In this prayer, written with genuine regard for the signed but one word, Mercita, or Mercita."

Madame Ruth was more than surprised. She was amazed. She said, after a long pause:

"Mercita! Mercita! Mercita! Anything. Discover your head, Mercita."

Peres took off his sombrero. A head of classic and beautiful shape, covered with short, curly hair, was disclosed.

Madame Ruth passed the palm of her hand over the head, and then over the face, first and dry to the touch, and black as ink.

"Mercita!" she said, in a voice of unexpected surprise, and then she fainted.

Great to me, Madame, has not to you," replied Peres, in a mocking tone.

"Are you willing to be sold, Mercita?"

"Yes, Master."

"Do you care else?"

"No, Master."

"How long have you belonged to Captain Peres?"

"Two years. I was sold to him in Havana by a lady—the only one that ever owned me. She was very kind to me always, and by her help and desire I learned all I know—all I can do—and to write and speak English."

"Why did she sell you to Captain Peres?"

"She was in debt, Master."

"The secrets of others do not concern me," said Peres, with a laugh. "Now, Mercita, I like the sound of your voice. I think you will do. Go and prepare to go with me to New Orleans."

"Ah, thanks, Madame. I will be faithful."

Mercita left the room, and Madame Ruth then went into another apartment, in which Captain Peres was awaiting her.

CHAPTER IV.

SOMETHING OF PERES.

When alone, Mercita looked at her face with her hands, and shook her head sorrowfully.

Suddenly she started, looked around, and anxiously about her, as if in search for something.

The paper on which I wrote," she muttered, "Ah, Madame had it in her hand. Peres may see it. What am I thinking? To-night—to-night is to-day—and then Madame Ruth will be dead."

Meanwhile Madame Ruth entered the room

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in which Captain Perez was awaiting her coming.

"I trust Madame is pleased with the woman," said he, bowing.

She is a remarkably accomplished woman to be a mulattress and a slave, Captain Perez."

"Oh, quite often the Spanish ladies of Cuba educate a favorite slave woman, especially when the latter is to be in daily, and perhaps hourly companionship, Madame."

"That is true. My late housekeeper was so educated by me. Unfortunately she died," said Madame Ruth, in a sad voice; "and for many a year I have failed in vain to find her equal. Your price for Mercita?"

"Two thousand five hundred dollars, Madame."

"It is a very large sum, Captain. Twenty thousand reals."

"Not for Mercita, Madame. She is very accomplished. She is worth a widower's or a common negress."

Captain Perez demanded the amount because he had written instructions to that effect from the unknown; and he cared not disobey. Were he to disobey, even in the slightest degree, he knew that he would be sent to Cuba, and were he sent to return to Cuba without the gold, he knew what would befall him—on the tenor of the commands of the unknown—all his property on that island would be confiscated in favor of a fugitive criminal.

"You will accept no less than twenty-five hundred dollars, Captain Perez?" asked Madame Ruth, after but a pause.

"I can accept no less, Madame. In truth, I am only a middle-man in the affair. I am but the agent of another."

"Very well. I will pay the price. Make out the bill of sale."

"There is a condition to be attached to any sale made of Mercita, Madame."

A condition! Then I will have nothing more to do with the slave," said Madame Ruth. But she added in her mind instantly, "Oh, that I could but get her into my possession, and the other a penniless wife! Oh, King of this accomplished mulattress—more correctly we should term her a perfect lady—is very dark. One of her parents must have been a mulatto, and the other a negro; she is very dark, almost black. And yet, how regular and classic her features are! How strange! She seems very desirous that I shall buy her. And have I not been searching for years for her? Yes, I have searched in vain for a woman who could very fairly to do the duties I had learned all of the qualities. But I must not betray my promise, even though given hastily and to a slave. State the condition, Captain Perez," she added aloud.

"The slave to purchase her freedom, Madame, at any time, at the price for which she is sold, is to be ever treated kindly, and the condition must be engrossed in the bill of sale."

"A very strange condition, Captain Perez. But perfectly just—as just as it is impossible that Mercita can ever procure such a sum as twenty-five hundred dollars. But I accept the condition."

"Pardon me, Madame. I should have said that there were two conditions."

"State the other, sir."

"That the purchaser of Mercita must stimulate never to sell her to another without giving her thirty days' notice of such intention."

"I never sell any of my servants, Captain Perez," replied Madame Ruth, with a cold haughtiness that shocked the slave dealer. "I have never sold one. If any one becomes very bad and cruelly, perhaps I might send her to Cuba, but I would not sell her. Were one to ask me to sell to him or for to this pass or that one—desiring no longer to be my servant—I should either sell or set free that one. Not one of my servants has ever asked to be sold."

Madame Ruth's kindness to her servants was well known to Captain Perez, and he knew that she had spoken the truth. Indeed, which he had noted was so remarked by Madame Ruth: "if slaves in Cuba," and doubtless is known to the present owner of Mercita.

And why known to that person, Captain Perez? he rather, why the one who made this remark?

Because, Madame, in my instructions—orders, in fact—from Mercita's owner, I am told that I, her, if possible, to purchase Ruth Variville."

Indeed! Who is this owner?"

Madame, I do not know more than the name. I received a letter delivered to me by Mercita, from a lady—a mulattress a lady—who signs herself Isadora Raymundo. In that letter are my instructions—orders, as I said. And I see a slave dealer. I buy and sell slaves for a living, and not a choice. It is not my business to do so, Madame."

Exactly. I accept the second condition as well as the first. Are you ready now?"

None, Madame."

Then write up the bill of sale in accordance with those conditions."

"In accordance, Madame?"

"Why is doubtful, Captain Perez?"

"Mercita is now subject to the order of Isadora Raymundo, Madame."

"Very well. Here are writing materials on this table."

"To perfect a sale—at least this one, Madame—we must also have the presence of a notary public."

"Very true. I will send you at the office of the notary."—here Madame Ruth wrote the address of a notary on a card and gave it to Captain Perez—"and when Mr. Mercita will remain here to accompany me. Will you be said to gold, or silver, or paper?"

"I was about to ask Madame to give me her note payable on the day after date, to my order," said Captain Perez, exactly following the instructions of the unknown, which he had received from the person who had purchased the second letter from his unknown master or scattered under the name of Isadora Raymundo.

"As you please, Captain Perez," replied Madame Ruth, who then left the room.

Captain Perez arose, and at the table, on which were writing materials, made a few figures upon a sheet of paper which he tore from a sheet of paper, folded the paper without looking at it, put it into his pocket, and left the house.

At the hour appointed, the sale of Mercita was completed at the notary's office, and Captain Perez received from the notary the note of Madame Ruth and a duplicate of the bill of sale.

Each portion then left the notary's office, Captain Perez taking the two papers with him.

He drove, with the intention to embark on his schooner and sail across the river as soon as possible.

He had nearly arrived at the levee when some one tapped him on the shoulder. He halted, turned and beheld Mercita.

Soon after leaving the office of the notary Mercita had said to Captain Perez that she were about to get into the carriage of the latter.

"Ah, Madame, I should have spoken to Captain Perez of my trunk."

"I will send for it."

"But, Madame, fearing it might be stolen or broken open I took it with me, and the trunk cannot find it without going into a long search. And if it were lost I should be very like to send a few words to my last master."

"Captain Perez, you will have time to go to the shipping, and leave you may go out, while I will await your return," replied Madame Ruth.

So that when Captain Perez turned he beheld Mercita near him, and the carriage of Madame Ruth not far distant; so dismal, however, that Mercita could not hear what was said by the slave dealer.

"Captain Perez," said Captain Perez, with a shrug of his broad shoulders, "are you silent so soon back on my hands like a bad penny? Come, I have no more to do with you, woman. You belong to that lady there in the carriage. Do you know? I wish I had never seen you, Diablos!" added the Captain, with a tremendous oath, which clearly evinced the great trouble of mind under which he had been labouring from the hour he received that anonymous note, that had made him sell so suddenly—from flavana. The curious fact was, that all my books in my dreams ever since I left Cuba, and the cause of your bad temper on board."

"That is not my affair, Captain Perez," replied Mercita, in her sad and respectful tone.

But I wished to ask you not to forget to send me my trunk, as I am poor."

But Captain Perez, with that terrible impetuosity which was a prominent trait in his character, broke in quickly upon what she was about to say.

"Devil fly away with your trunk and you both! Diablos! Do you know, woman, that Raymundo pay for you? See—for which I have had to dance attendance upon you—you, more a negress than even a mulatto—as if you were a princess in disguise; had to leave my business at a sudden, at Havana, had to fit out the *Diablos* in a jiffy, for a voyage to this place, which I hate; had to give my private cabin up to you—to you, a slaver; had to respect your virtue and honor, my own oath given in the name of the Queen of Spain, were shocked with the idea that you were a slave, and that I, the owner within of some score of slaves, were a slaver, woman, I hate you," he added, grinding his teeth, and then stamping his foot in impotent rage, "Devils alive! that Sancho Perez should have lived to be chamberlain to a mulattress—to a slave! I tell you, woman, I had a mind, a thought to throw you into the sea, and leave the Gulf, to pitch you overboard. I did, by Mercita, I did!"

Mercita shuddered. The cruel and burning eyes of the slave dealer and pirate captain—for during the voyage he had been a trembling woman that a dreadful and ever near peril, but unexpected, had come upon was the solitary passenger of *The Diablos*.

Perhaps the fact that Mercita would have narrower had been her escape from that desperate purpose, kept her from saying a word in reply.

"And I would have done that, or made you walk the plank, but for that accursed anonymous letter—the one you have just given me. The second letter."

"Lost, Captain?"

"Lost! Sacre! I tore them up as soon as I had read them."

"Then I am not a slave, and you a noble Spanish gentleman, Captain Perez?" asked Mercita, specifically, "I could say that you are nicknamed Diablos?"

"Ha! and why?" demanded Perez, bending down to the negress, and speaking in a tone deeply stern, resolute, even threatening.

"Because you are stealing their hearts morning, Captain."

"Ah! well, I destroyed them to-day."

"And to unfortunate. I must now call out to the lady in the carriage that I am Isadora Raymundo, and that you are a slave?"

"Bah! I have them! Here they are" cried the Captain, as he put his pocket-book in haste. "Take them. I do not want them! Curse the day when I saw the lady in Cuba when we were in the notary's office!"

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"Well, why not yesterday, or before?"

"Why? I will not answer the question now were not then in existence, Captain. But the person who wrote those letters, and sent them, desires to speak to you."

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Madame Variville's kindness to her servants was well known to Captain Perez, and he knew that she had spoken the truth. And which he had noted was remarked by Madame Ruth: "if slaves in Cuba," and doubtless is known to the present owner of Mercita.

And why known to that person, Captain Perez? he rather, why the one who made this remark?

Because, Madame, in my instructions—orders, in fact—from Mercita's owner, I am told that I, her, if possible, to purchase Ruth Variville."

Indeed! Who is this owner?"

Madame, I do not know more than the name. I received a letter delivered to me by Mercita, from a lady—a mulattress a lady—who signs herself Isadora Raymundo. In that letter are my instructions—orders, as I said. And I see a slave dealer. I buy and sell slaves for a living, and not a choice. It is not my business to do so, Madame."

Exactly. I accept the second condition as well as the first. Are you ready now?"

None, Madame."

Then write up the bill of sale in accordance with those conditions."

"In accordance, Madame?"

"Why is doubtful, Captain Perez?"

"Mercita is now subject to the order of Isadora Raymundo, Madame."

"Very well. Here are writing materials on this table."

"To perfect a sale—at least this one, Madame—we must also have the presence of a notary public."

"Very true. I will send you at the office of the notary."—here Madame Ruth wrote the address of a notary on a card and gave it to Captain Perez—"and when Mr. Mercita will remain here to accompany me. Will you be said to gold, or silver, or paper?"

"I was about to ask Madame to give me her note payable on the day after date, to my order," said Captain Perez, exactly following the instructions of the unknown, which he had received from the person who had purchased the second letter from his unknown master or scattered under the name of Isadora Raymundo.

"As you please, Captain Perez," replied Madame Ruth, who then left the room.

Captain Perez arose, and at the table, on which were writing materials, made a few figures upon a sheet of paper which he tore from a sheet of paper, folded the paper without looking at it, put it into his pocket, and left the house.

At the hour appointed, the sale of Mercita was completed at the notary's office, and Captain Perez received from the notary the note of Madame Ruth and a duplicate of the bill of sale.

Each portion then left the notary's office, Captain Perez taking the two papers with him.

He drove, with the intention to embark on his schooner and sail across the river as soon as possible.

He had nearly arrived at the levee when some one tapped him on the shoulder. He halted, turned and beheld Mercita.

Soon after leaving the office of the notary Mercita had said to Captain Perez that she were about to get into the carriage of the latter.

"Ah, Madame, I should have spoken to Captain Perez of my trunk."

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"Captain Perez, you will have time to go to the shipping, and leave you may go out, while I will await your return," replied Madame Ruth.

So that when Captain Perez turned he beheld Mercita near him, and the carriage of Madame Ruth not far distant; so dismal, however, that Mercita could not hear what was said by the slave dealer.

"Captain Perez," said Captain Perez, with a shrug of his broad shoulders, "are you silent so soon back on my hands like a bad penny? Come, I have no more to do with you, woman. You belong to that lady there in the carriage. Do you know? I wish I had never seen you, Diablos!" added the Captain, with a tremendous oath, which clearly evinced the great trouble of mind under which he had been labouring from the hour he received that anonymous note, that had made him sell so suddenly—from flavana. The curious fact was, that all my books in my dreams ever since I left Cuba, and the cause of your bad temper on board."

"That is not my affair, Captain Perez," replied Mercita, in her sad and respectful tone.

But I wished to ask you not to forget to send me my trunk, as I am poor."

But Captain Perez, with that terrible impetuosity which was a prominent trait in his character, broke in quickly upon what she was about to say.

"Devil fly away with your trunk and you both! Diablos! Do you know, woman, that Raymundo pay for you? See—for which I have had to dance attendance upon you—you, more a negress than even a mulatto—as if you were a princess in disguise; had to leave my business at a sudden, at Havana, had to fit out the *Diablos* in a jiffy, for a voyage to this place, which I hate; had to give my private cabin up to you—to you, a slaver; had to respect your virtue and honor, my own oath given in the name of the Queen of Spain, were shocked with the idea that you were a slave, and that I, the owner within of some score of slaves, were a slaver, woman, I hate you," he added, grinding his teeth, and then stamping his foot in impotent rage, "Devils alive! that Sancho Perez should have lived to be chamberlain to a mulattress—to a slave! I tell you, woman, I had a mind, a thought to throw you into the sea, and leave the Gulf, to pitch you overboard. I did, by Mercita, I did!"

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A COUNTRY editor who was pestered with contributions in verse from a persistent rhymester till he naturally grew sick, wrote to his correspondent, thus: "If you don't stop sending me your stupid poetry, I'll print a piece of it!" And then your name appeared in full, and send a copy of the paper to your father, and he probably will immediately drop us."

AN old man, ninety-five years of age, having recently been married in Minnesota, was asked his reason for doing so. "Well," said he, accompanying his words with a knowing look, "I'm getting feeble years, and I reckon that the climate there is healthier than it is here, and I've a notion that I'll move there." "Then you intend to take your wife along with you?" "Why, no, I don't know as I will. I'll leave her here, and she can come there when she wants to."

"Ben Jerry," said a doorkeeper of the United States Senate Chamber to a crony to whom he had given the "Ladies Gallery" key, "you know that this is no place for you." "That is so, gruffly replied Ben, "but I'm not going there to stay, mind you, sir, before long, he added, "My place is down there among those fellows!"

An old bachelor getting vexed at the freedom with which his landlady's daughter used his name, at last remonstrated with her upon the subject, telling her that his name was not Tom, nor her name Polly. The young lady said she knew nothing, and he knew quite otherwise.

Happy Bridegroom.—"More money, Madam—more money! Have you forgotten that my money has brought everything you have—even the very clothes you wear?" "Yes, my dear, I have forgotten that, but my memory also brought what stands in the grate."

Cause for Complaint.—That's the theme!" exclaimed a waiter, to a countryman who had ordered a beefsteak, and was now stage of the drama. "I don't care if it is a theme, or a variation, or a rondo, so long as it is well cooked."

A little four-year-old heard his mother to her husband, "Dear, I don't like to scold, but I do," she asked, "dear, don't you love baby I am sure you do." "Yes, mamma, I love baby, but I don't say so, won't you leave it out? That would be funny wouldn't it?"

Happy Thought.—"Why, you forgotten my money has brought everything you have—even the very clothes you wear?" "Yes, my dear, I have forgotten that, but my memory also brought what stands in the grate."

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A MAN who put his money in a "Fortune-Telling" machine got back a letter saying his business failed safely because it was impossible to get a correspondent to write it. The man to whom he had successfully used it.

"I am tired of being told to the shade of the overwhelming echoes of Heaven's artillery" as remarked the man who was condemned to hear a speech on the Fourth of July. "I would rather go to thunder!"

A SCHOOL lad—and an old boy at that, as he spend a bottle of wine, "what a mess delightful thing is teaching!" "Especially when you're the pegging of the cracking!" unanimously exclaimed the class.

A KENTUCKY editor who was asked for a loan to say that when he wants in the garden he moves his own hoe, and when he wants to go a fishing borrowed hat like the plaster.

"Where are you bear a-going, say, "Life is but a dream," tread on his corns and wake him up. His dream," tread on his corns and wake him up. His dream," tread on his corns and wake him up. His

SILENT FULL PARADISE—THE SHALLOW KIND.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

"Whisper, O, whisper it softly!" My darling,
What must you? I'm sure that I spoke not a word.
And there's not a soul here to listen my wooing
Any where than there is in you moss-skirted bird.

"Yet whisper it, whisper it softly, O softly,
As I am now trying to whisper to you!"
Yes, soft as the song of a breeze still on infant,
For some one might hear it, so softly I sue!

"And, oh, what you tell me of your love in plight!"
Is so dear and so sacred in its every tone,
That I wish the good God would whisper it with you,
And unite
Us in the full blessed one, to hear you
Well, well, be it so, my own wife in next autumn!
Your fear need not frighten from mutual bliss,
For deep purity whisper is music, my woman
Indeed,
Into child full Paradise—this sealing kiss.

MARK HEBER'S LUCK;

Life on the Plains.

BY LEON LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "WHAT MONEY MARRIED," "RED KNIFE," "THE BROKEN HOUSE," "RODY'S SEARCH," "THE CLUB-FOOT SEAL," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

CRASH UPON CRASH.

As Guardsman Kent and Isabel Holley were brought nearer to the terrible Devil, they looked in the red firelight, and by the dull, leaden shadow, the gigantic figure towering above them, and seeming to touch the sky-vault. Miss Holley uttered a low, wild shriek of despair, and wailed in a hoarse and broken voice:

"Oh, Isabel, Isabel Blue Jack, I can't see him! I can't! Kill me here, Mr. Buck—oh, no, I can't be spared from my home! I am married, married anyway. My father will pay you 5 000 to let me go. He is the richest man in the West. Oh, I can't see Blue Jack! I'll die as a slight at old Pat! Pat! Pat! Pat!"

Her distracted and frantic cries were lost in the roar of the fire, which leaped high in the air, and very low. One of the savages had thrown a close grip upon the arm of Governor Kent. Blue Hedge kicked and struggled with all her might, and raved in a sort of hysterics, and in the confusion, with her long hair, which was in a tangled mass over her face, she did not distinguish the red head of the Indian who stood before the Devil Chief.

Guardsman Kent, in the midst of the light, his face turned up to the Devil, saw the Indian two steps away before him were in shadow. He comprehended the condition of Miss Holley in scorn, and cried out fiercely:

"Back with the infernal whelp, Pat Hass! she some enough to know that she's stirring up the Indians!"

Miss Holley uttered a fearful shriek and sprang to her feet, and struggled violently to get away from the savage who held her.

"I never saw a woman act like such a fool!" muttered Blue Jack. "Why in thunder don't Buck? I wish you joy of her."

The voice of Isabel Blue Jack's mistress, with another ringing scream, and threw up her arms as in an agonized appeal to heaven and heaven.

"Oh, Jack!" she gasped—"the—the voice! Oh, my father!"

She fell senseless at this cry.

"Caught in a trap! Well, it's gone crazy. She takes you for her father, you see. Her father's a rich beef speculator. Pat is—you see. Her name's Isabel Holley—"

Blue Jack stood as if still that range through the canon.

What a crash bound he cleared the distance that still intervened between him and the Devil Chief! He saw the Indian who held the prisoner, and his quick, keen intuition and exceptional sense cast in a hollow groan. He actually staggered and reeled, but his grit tightly as if for support.

Miss Holley sank up into his indistinctly discolored face and shrank from him. Then seeing his look was not that of recognition, or a look of nonrecognition, she clung to him with both hands, and sobbed out her utter forgetfulness of his address to her, and of the name by which he had called her.

"Oh, what is it you've done, Isabel, too? How have they hurt your face? Where is your hood? How strange your hair is! Do hurriedly know you."

The soldier trembled like a leaf. A cold sweat poured from his face.

Miss Holley loosened her clasp upon his arm, and half retreated, bewildered and frightened and partly recovered from what was mistaken in his identity. He had not been in the light of the fire, and had not seen her father for many years, so he has had been uncovered by a full beard. But the voice, sound and mistaken, half-lost in terrible lustre, were unmistakably the eyes of her father, and she looked at him, to him, to him.

"Father, speak to me. Don't you know your own Isabel? Have you been drinking? Is Blue Jack!—save me from the savages! How did you come here? Where is Blue Jack? Are you their prisoner? Oh, father, who's who?"

"Blue Jack! He's the Devil Chief!"

Miss Holley again loosened her clasp upon the outlaw's arm, and looked at several severe features working.

And for the first time she noticed the half-savage garb of Blue Jack, the fact that he was the red warrior chief. At a sign command, the respectful distance from his master, and the fact that he was armed with a bow and arrow, and a tomahawk in his belt.

"You are not Blue Jack!" she asked hoarsely.

The outlaw dared not answer in the negative, for the last of his identity with the Devil Chief of the Sioux and the great desperado who had a price upon his cheated Judge Lynch, and whose crimes were known throughout the West, was now his escape.

His head drooped a little.

He answered in the silence as an affirmative answer.

"And you are my father?" she ejaculated, in a wild and bitter scorn. "I am to be stabbed sooner—the great speculator—the proprietor of the largest ranch in Colorado! You are going to take me east, to be a queen in society—my girl! Oh, father, you've got a fierce lie! I won't believe it! I'll only some glimpse of your face, and I'll know it is not Blue Jack the outlaw! It is impossible—"

"Isabel, Isabel Holley, my escapes are unnerving speaking tones, "I am Blue Jack the Robber let them put her out of her misery."

Miss Holley shrieked, and fainting, sprang with

"Isabel!" cried Blue Jack hollowly, raising his hand and sending a startled glance in the direction of the Indian chief. "Isabel, for Heaven's sake, be calm. I—I can explain everything. Isabel, Isabel—you are not dead! Isabel, Isabel!"

But Miss Holley, feeling her worst fears confirmed, sunk into a state of unconscious stupor, shrinking from her strangely discovered father as from a loathsome thing.

Blue Jack wiped his forehead, and turned toward the Devil Chief, who stood by, and was his idol. He would not have had his secret, for in his real character for all the world, but he was in bad schemed and planned, and he was in a terrible state of perplexity in which mean shame or later to every guilty soul.

"Buck," he said, in a hoarse, strained voice, while Miss Holley, catching her breath, heard distinctly, "it's all true. The girl's my daughter. Why didn't you let her go on with the trail to Denver? Curse the luck! I wouldn't have had her know the truth for all the money there is in the universe!"

And your real name's Edmund Holley, Cap's?" asked Buck, in astonishment. "By George! Are you the rich man she's been lamenting as with ever since we started? Well, I never! You've got a fine girl, and around you now, eh, Cap's? Very true dat—very true," faded and doubly foreign.

Governor Kent, whom Blue Jack had not noticed, and who had been in the shade, and not been very attentive to the strange scene of which he had been a witness. He had recognized in Blue Jack the second lieutenant of his men's widow—the Edmund Holley whom he was conversing for Isabel. At the cry he was appalled by his discovery of the identity of Blue Jack with Edmund Holley, and the mention of "Gabrielle" he started violently.

Isabel—and Blue Jack! Impossible!

The young lady put her hands to her ears, and exclaimed, with a look of horror upon her face, "Isabel with her would she's—she's—"

"Isabel, Isabel Holley, my daughter," said the soldier desperately. "Take her away, Buck, back into the edge of the forest. And warn her to keep quiet. I'll come to her presently. I will talk to her when there are not so many savage ears to listen."

"Shall I feed her again, Cap's? She'll run away if I don't, or commit suicide."

"Yes, you can bind her, Buck, but gently, remember. There's no help for it. She questioned me, and I had to tell her. Take her, Buck—for Heaven's sake, Cap's! Can't you see that I'm a prisoner—anything. I'll start with her in the morning for Denver. How she came to leave Omaha surpasses my comprehension. I'll have a talk with you soon. Remember, Buck, to treat her as an honored lady—a queen rather than a captive. The bonds are only to keep her from running away or killing herself."

Buck nodded his comprehension, and approached Miss Holley. She recognized him as striking at him blindly. He picked her in his arms, and carried her back into the edge of the forest to the vicinity of the captive Isabel. As he passed a leathern strap about her waist, drawing it as gently as he could, her arms and feet were left unconfined.

Blue Jack, oblivious to the second prisoner, paced to and fro in the firelight, in an unconscious abstraction.

"It's hard on her," he muttered. "My poor girl! She's as proud as Lucifer, and will never be reconciled to me! She could have had the best of the land—and Blue Jack's outlawed, and a price upon his head! Curse the luck! I'll start for the far East—for New York—with her at once. I'll have enough to make us happy and respectable. I'll buy a ranch in Long Island, and settle down with her arms and carry her. One of the savages has already made a close grip upon the arm of Governor Kent. Blue Hedge kicked and struggled with all her capsize, and raved in a sort of hysterics, and in the confusion, with her long hair, which was in a tangled mass over her face, she did not distinguish the red head of the Indian who stood before the Devil Chief.

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Blue Jack wiped his forehead, and turned toward the Devil Chief, who stood by, and was his idol. He would not have had his secret, for in his real character for all the world, but he was in bad schemed and planned, and he was in a terrible state of perplexity in which mean shame or later to every guilty soul.

"Buck," he said, in a hoarse, strained voice, while Miss Holley, catching her breath, heard distinctly, "it's all true. The girl's my daughter. Why didn't you let her go on with the trail to Denver? Curse the luck! I wouldn't have had her know the truth for all the money there is in the universe!"

And your real name's Edmund Holley,

to your friends or to publish in the papers. Matters have been forced to a crisis. I have no cause to war against you. If you had remained with me you would be my wife. Well, I never! You've got a fine girl, and around you now, eh, Cap's? Very true dat—very true," faded and doubly foreign.

Governor Kent, whom Blue Jack had not noticed, and who had been in the shade, and not been very attentive to the strange scene of which he had been a witness. He had recognized in Blue Jack the second lieutenant of his men's widow—the Edmund Holley whom he was conversing for Isabel. At the cry he was appalled by his discovery of the identity of Blue Jack with Edmund Holley, and the mention of "Gabrielle" he started violently.

Isabel—and Blue Jack! Impossible!

The young lady put her hands to her ears, and exclaimed, with a look of horror upon her face, "Isabel with her would she's—she's—"

"Isabel, Isabel Holley, my daughter," said the soldier desperately. "Take her away, Buck, back into the edge of the forest. And warn her to keep quiet. I'll come to her presently. I will talk to her when there are not so many savage ears to listen."

"Shall I feed her again, Cap's? She'll run away if I don't, or commit suicide."

"Yes, you can bind her, Buck, but gently, remember. There's no help for it. She questioned me, and I had to tell her. Take her, Buck—for Heaven's sake, Cap's! Can't you see that I'm a prisoner—anything. I'll start with her in the morning for Denver. How she came to leave Omaha surpasses my comprehension. I'll have a talk with you soon. Remember, Buck, to treat her as an honored lady—a queen rather than a captive. The bonds are only to keep her from running away or killing herself."

Buck nodded his comprehension, and approached Miss Holley. She recognized him as striking at him blindly. He picked her in his arms, and carried her back into the edge of the forest to the vicinity of the captive Isabel. As he passed a leathern strap about her waist, drawing it as gently as he could, her arms and feet were left unconfined.

Blue Jack, oblivious to the second prisoner, paced to and fro in the firelight, in an unconscious abstraction.

"It's hard on her," he muttered. "My poor girl! She's as proud as Lucifer, and will never be reconciled to me! She could have had the best of the land—and Blue Jack's outlawed, and a price upon his head! Curse the luck! I'll start for the far East—for New York—with her at once. I'll have enough to make us happy and respectable. I'll buy a ranch in Long Island, and settle down with her arms and carry her. One of the savages has already made a close grip upon the arm of Governor Kent. Blue Hedge kicked and struggled with all her capsize, and raved in a sort of hysterics, and in the confusion, with her long hair, which was in a tangled mass over her face, she did not distinguish the red head of the Indian who stood before the Devil Chief.

Guardsman Kent, in the midst of the light, his face turned up to the Devil, saw the Indian two steps away before him were in shadow. He comprehended the condition of Miss Holley in scorn, and cried out fiercely:

"Back with the infernal whelp, Pat Hass! she some enough to know that she's stirring up the Indians!"

Miss Holley uttered a fearful shriek and sprang to her feet, and struggled violently to get away from the savage who held her.

"I never saw a woman act like such a fool!" muttered Blue Jack. "Why in thunder don't Buck? I wish you joy of her."

The voice of Isabel Blue Jack's mistress, with another ringing scream, and threw up her arms as in an agonized appeal to heaven and heaven.

"Oh, Jack!" she gasped—"the—the voice! Oh, my father!"

She fell senseless at this cry.

"Caught in a trap! Well, it's gone crazy. She takes you for her father, you see. Her father's a rich beef speculator. Pat is—you see. Her name's Isabel Holley—"

Blue Jack stood as if still that range through the canon.

What a crash bound he cleared the distance that still intervened between him and the Devil Chief! He saw the Indian who held the prisoner, and his quick, keen intuition and exceptional sense cast in a hollow groan. He actually staggered and reeled, but his grit tightly as if for support.

Miss Holley sank up into his indistinctly discolored face and shrank from him. Then seeing his look was not that of recognition, or a look of nonrecognition, she clung to him with both hands, and sobbed out her utter forgetfulness of his address to her, and of the name by which he had called her.

"Oh, what is it you've done, Isabel, too? How have they hurt your face? Where is your hood? How strange your hair is! Do hurriedly know you."

The soldier trembled like a leaf. A cold sweat poured from his face.

Miss Holley loosened her clasp upon his arm, and half retreated, bewildered and frightened and partly recovered from what was mistaken in his identity. He had not been in the light of the fire, and had not seen her father for many years, so he has had been uncovered by a full beard. But the voice, sound and mistaken, half-lost in terrible lustre, were unmistakably the eyes of her father, and she looked at him, to him, to him.

"Father, speak to me. Don't you know your own Isabel? Have you been drinking? Is Blue Jack!—save me from the savages! How did you come here? Where is Blue Jack? Are you their prisoner? Oh, father, who's who?"

"Blue Jack! He's the Devil Chief!"

Miss Holley again loosened her clasp upon the outlaw's arm, and looked at several severe features working.

And for the first time she noticed the half-savage garb of Blue Jack, the fact that he was the red warrior chief. At a sign command, the respectful distance from his master, and the fact that he was armed with a bow and arrow, and a tomahawk in his belt.

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And your real name's Edmund Holley,

The horns of Mark, which Gay had ridden, had not been abandoned. It stood near the edge of the wood, cropping the grass lightly. "Mark is fast as well as ever," thought Gay, as he looked at it, and he mused. The two prisoners near Gay. I cannot bear to think that the enemies of Mark have them.

He stole out on the prairie and secured one of the horses, leading him into the edge of the trees in this path, and went back and forth, and then he returned slowly and with caution to the eastern side of the Indian camp.

On arriving within sight of Gay, he found that the two other prisoners, Governor Kent and Isabel Holley, were in their places where he had left them, and that the Devil Chief was summoning his warriors to council.

Gay, on this discovery, knew Jack had left the camp to destroy the life of Gay Heber. And this opportunity Mark was ready to save the young life he possessed in him.

As the warriors assembled around their council fire, and the moonbeams fell upon them, he hovered in the distant shadows, and even the two prisoners, Isabel Lee and Isabel Holley, in the outlaw chief to give Jonesy full opportunity for his nefarious work. Mark Heber opened his hunting-knife, and stole up behind the two bound ladies.

She heard the faint fluttering in the grass behind her, and she put no head back to listen, and whispered Mark Heber's name.

Mark, in a low, whispered Mark Heber's name, and was as silent as death.

"Is it coming to get off with you, or die with you?" went on Mark's voice, in a faint whisper, which he heard above the faint rustling of warriors, cutting off all view of the latter from the prisoners. "Governor Kent is not looking for you, Isabel Holley. Governor Kent and a return of the

Gay Heber, clearing Mark's injunctions, sprang upon his feet, and stood with his head and knees.

Governor Kent heard the faint rustling, and lifted his head. He saw Gay's proximity, and comprehended the whole affair. He was not a coward, but he was not a man to be reckless, and not a start nor a word escaped.

Isabel Holley's eyes were open and wondering, and least nothing save her own emotions.

The absence of a few feet from the spot where she had been confined, Gay arose to his feet, and Mark Heber sprang to his side, and pointed her upon one which he had secured.

"Isabel, Isabel Holley, my darling, my beauty," must we leave that poor young lady to the savages? Governor Kent is, in the fury of the savages at my escape?"

Mark Heber answered Mark.

He flitted back, uncertain if his humanity was not a weakness, and whispered:

"Caution, sir! Not a word! Be as I tell you, or we are lost! Gay, I will go with you. You are to be my guide. Governor Kent, you will remain as a protection to Isabel Holley. Follow me back to the horses."

"I will obey you."

"Gay, follow me, you follow me on your hands and knees. Be still as death. The very life depends on it."

He cut the Governor's hands behind him, and severed his feet, and then Mark Heber ran out his knife bonds, and returned the knife.

Governor Kent sent away as before. He was mute, with a keen backward glance, followed Mark Heber upon his hands and knees. Mark guided him to the spot where the horses were, and Gay followed after.

"I must go back to free the young lady," said Mark Heber, when they were near the horses, "and you must go back to your post, sir, follow the trail with Gay. I will overtake you in the morning."

"No, Mark, you shall not go back!" cried Mark. "The young lady is Blue Jack's own daughter, deceived by Buck, who did not suspect her parentage. I pledge you my word that Governor Kent is safe. Blue Jack is only caused her to be bound in order to prevent her accidentally or committing suicide in her chagrin at her discovery of his real character."

The Governor's manner seemed Mark Heber to be sincere, and he said:

"Governor Kent, you see how he might have fatally delayed. Without a word he vaulted upon the back of Mark, and rode away, leaving the Indian trail into the depths of the forest. Mark Heber remained in the shadow of the Indian camp, he quickened the horses' pace, and was lost to Governor Kent's sight.

And all this while Leona was holding forth to the Indian council, in a flood of fire in the dim oratory, and Blue Jack, impatient and fearful of the consequences of the escape of Gay, would have returned to the edge of the encampment of the savages, but the pickets would not allow him to pass. Then he might have left the camp, but he was completely delayed. Without a word he vaulted upon the back of Mark, and rode away, leaving the Indian trail into the depths of the forest. Mark Heber remained in the shadow of the Indian camp, he quickened the horses' pace, and was lost to Governor Kent's sight.

Not dreaming of the bold rescue of two of the prisoners, Governor Kent, Isabel Lee, the captives—the one at the left," as Blue Jack had mentioned.

He approached behind Isabel Holley, beginning to cut the bonds which held her, and destroy. He did not even look into the strangely discovered face of the young lady, for she was the first in his way. She was at the left of Gay Heber, and Governor Kent was at the right of Isabel Lee, and he had to come a little earlier.

He came close to her, stepping girl and touched her on the shoulder. She started abruptly, and looked into Governor Kent's face.

"Hush!" said Jonesy. "Noiseless. Indian council—Blue Jack's absence. Follow me."

Isabel Holley quivered in every limb.

"Oh, only let me be free to die myself. I can't be more cruel!"

"I will be remembered that Jonesy had been told that Gay Heber was Blue Jack's daughter, and that Blue Jack was the Devil Chief, and that Gay Heber was the daughter of Blue Jack's relative to his grandmother, of which he had been told by Governor Kent, and that Governor Kent had been told by Mark Heber

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1874.

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ROBERT BONNER, PUBLISHER,
Corner of William and Spruce sts., New York.

Terrible Romances in Reality.

It is difficult for the imagination to conceive of stories so horrible as some that occur in reality. Readers are sometimes inclined to exclaim, "Such things in real life could fail to have happened?" or, "Such a character is too bad ever to have existed."

But dreadful things do happen; and they happen for the very reason that bad characters do exist.

The trial of three men for murder, at Marseilles, in France, which resulted in the conviction, developed circumstances of cold-blooded calculation in which incredible if they had not been established by incontrovertible evidence, confirmed, finally, by the confession of the accused.

The names of the culprits were TOLEDANO, STROSO and NISSIA. TOLEDANO was twenty-five years of age; STROSO was a very young man. They were both Italian adventurers, doing business at Marseilles, and they had a young friend, named GIRNDO, a native of Marseilles, aged only twenty.

TOLEDANO and STROSO were needy, while GIRNDO, without being rich himself, frequently had large amounts of money belonging to other parties in his possession. His two friends and companions wanted this money to be lastly that they considered that GIRNDO out of the way in order to get it.

How was this to be accomplished? One plan suggested itself after another, and the matter was considered and discussed from all the coolness and important business calculation of an ordinary character.

At first they thought of inducing GIRNDO to take a walk on a moonlight night, murdering and robbing him, and then throwing the dead body in a corner.

This plan was discarded, as too risky, and then one of them proposed to decoy him into a garden, kill him, and bury him; but it was difficult to find a suitable garden, and when they succeeded in looking up one, they were deterred by learning that the proprietor of the garden was a police-officer.

They ultimately decided on hiring a warehouse, investing the unsuspecting GIRNDO into it and assassinating him. This plan was carried into execution. NISSIA, a brutal fellow, who had been a servant of TOLEDANO'S uncle, was taken into the plot. The part which he was to take was to throw a rope around GIRNDO'S neck. TOLEDANO was to strike the victim on the head with a life-preserver, while STROSO was to stand by a gas on the street and look out for any interruptions.

The programme, with only slight variations, was carried out. GIRNDO entered the dimly lighted warehouse in the evening, suspecting no wrong; TOLEDANO struck him by the throat; STROSO threw the rope around his neck; TOLEDANO smashed in his head, and all was over!

That is all was over with the ill-fated GIRNDO; but much more had still to be done before the plan remained for the assassins.

Possessing GIRNDO'S safe only twenty thousand pounds rewarded their terrible crime, instead of the large sum they had expected.

They bored the body, and threw it into the water; when, to their horror, they discovered that it floated. They tried to regain it, and haul it back into the boat; but it sank. A large hooks, and they are obliged to abandon it.

The next morning the crime was discovered, and the train of circumstances leading to the arrest and conviction of the perpetrators of the dreadful crime is short and straight.

One was sentenced to execution, and the two others to the galleys for life.

These are all facts, proved and confessed in a court of justice; and, if they were contained in a story, they would be pronounced strange, unnatural and incredible.

Not Complimentary.

The party papers are not particularly complimentary to each other's candidates just now. Their charges and recriminations and counter-charges are not unamusing.

It is as it always has been. Political controversies descend inevitably into bitter personalities.

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JAMES GORDON BENNETT, the founder and proprietor of the New York *Herald*, and the leading journalist of America, died at his residence in this city on June 1st, in the 82d year of his age.

He was a man of genius, of strict probity, and he did much to establish the *independence* of the press.

Mr. BENNETT, although he was a man who always made money a secondary consideration, left a fortune of several millions.

He was unmarried at Greenwood, on June 16th, whither his remains were accompanied by over one hundred carriages, containing distinguished citizens, and among them the leading journalists of this city, who were his pallbearers.

BETTING.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

MR. BONNER, do you ever bet? Do you think it helps business, tests a man's sincerity, aids his morals, or, in the long run, fills his pockets? How is it with Deacon, Statist, and Pocahontas? Do you think that a bet at these performers would get you seconds lost out of them?

I believe that you regard yourself as a Reformer, first, for purging out the last atom of dullness from trotting horses, and getting the uttermost speed out of them; and second, by trotting horse on fair and gentlemanly principles, and so destroying the inoculation of gambling bets. How is it, then, that you suffer Dexter's best time to go without unusual or tart record, simply because it was time made without betting? Is everything in the hands of gambling jockeys? Are all rules and regulations made for betting men? Is betting such a virtue that he who does not bet is punished, and his horse is refused all recognition? Is it true that hundreds and thousands of gentlemen who like a good horse, and who will refuse to bet, are shut out of the speed, who still refuse to bet, are shut out of the speed, who still refuse to bet, where the whole business is organized on the principle of betting?

Then have done something in the way of cultivating a love of fine horses; but is it not even more important that some discussing circuits of fast horses should be considered equal, at least, to gambling establishments, in standing men?

There is another matter—*Betting an Election.* Can anything be more foreign in appearance, sound principles and real patriotism, than to turn politics into a base species of game? Are they not bad enough already? Do they not need purifying? Are they not enough, without this Greek fire of betting?

There are cases, indeed, in politics, in which means real business, which is carried on in the open air, and which is as much a matter of business as the purchase of a house, a cargo, or any other small matter. This is a many-headed people, and to put down the principle and smothers the confidence. A man who bets his money does not be stimulated as much by that small risk, as he is by the risk of character, and he is really a gambler. If it is right for a prospective sale not to be negotiated without a dozen or a dozen oysters, then it is right to make up to the bet by betting on the horse.

In some localities, generally, the betting is the only liberty made bets on the results of political campaigns, or lying down in this matter more soberly, and refuse to add a word to the already overwhelming betting enough. A betting man is always on the side of bad management, and is the best auxiliary of knavery. A man who never bets is on a plain, open, honorable footing.

Only a brutal fellow would bet on his neighbor's character, if he knew it to be bad. No man would bet on his brother's character, if he knew it to be good. But his children's character is in the balance daily, and he is risking them. Why not? Even a brute would feel that such betting was horrible.

Why should one bet on that which should be the subject of anxious concern in the household, namely, the affairs of the community? Should not the interests of the virtuous of gambling is hard to expel when once it is in the blood. Why should not the spirit of the fair betting be made to expel the spirit of the pernicious habit. Is it not the *Ledger's* duty to turn this matter over in its mind?

An Interesting Nuisance.

Our cities with England has had more vicissitudes than any other public document we have heard of. It has been employed in the highest heaven of diplomacy, and trampled in the mud of public disgrace. It has repeatedly been at an end, and as repeatedly revived. It has been abandoned; it has been accepted. The governments have arrived at an amicable understanding; the governments have arrived at an unpardonable misunderstanding. The whole thing has been settled. The whole thing has been unsettled. Despatches, letters, dispatches, debates, congratulations, declarations, protocols, memorials, explanations, and explanations of explanations, have formed one unbroken stream of concussion for months, until everybody is hopelessly confused, and has given up trying to understand it. Even the cry of the penny newspaper on the part of either government, seeking to settle the matter once for all, like the decisions of Milton's old Asserts of Chaos, was carried away in the storm in which he reigns." The people have become weary of the whole business, and would wish the treaty were sunk deeper in the ocean than any cable telegram has ever travelled.

Increase of Birds.

The Pomeroy (Ohio) *Democrat* says:

"It is a noticeable fact that the various experiments made only recently with a thousand pounds rewarded their terrible crime, instead of the large sum they had expected.

They bored the body, and threw it into the water; when, to their horror, they discovered that they had forgotten the weight it, and it floated! They try to regain it, and haul it back into the boat; but it sank. A large hooks, and they are obliged to abandon it.

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A DOUBLE DISTRESS.

A PERSIAN TALE.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

That blessed gift, a tender heart,
Is not for bliss alone;
Are light when weighed with earthly care—
Some ill when counterpoised.

Afflicts us teeming, soon and night—
Some ill when counterpoised.

Must unnecessary. The story comes
To ease the sorrowful—that, on a time,
Some there written with the Eastern cities,
A worthy gentleman, whose wife
Was dying, called his friend, and said:
"Dear friend, I know
Of the dear dame whose long and well
The man and woman for my sake
For she was good, and fair to see,
And ever gave to me a loving grace
Of mind and soul, which, as the years
Have run their weight of woe increased,
Is worthy of the blessed.
A meddling helpmate, old and cross,
Remained to help me in my household,
From morn to night, with ceaseless tongue
Of mine, and ground; and still she clung
Leech-like unto the widowed estate;
For by the daughter's nuptial vows,
The warden and the mother
Dared to disgrace its—do consent
To leave my house. Now should stay,
Expect—nor could I gainsay
In vain the baptism has essayed
To buy her off—it were unjust
The pleasure of a trip to Rome.
Now, friend, I pray you, grant me this favor:
Let not my daughter, in the desolation
Of angry tongues, some friendly came in,
Upon your guardianship, to
Confidence, in the common way:
Be you her friend and father."
Said the dying man, and laid his hoar his cross.
"Thanks!" said the mourner, with a sigh,
"What I can promise, I will do;
But, for affection, I must say,
That when the wife is dead, she's away."
A rare old proverb
Plain when he chose to fence behind it!

SCIP'S SECRET.

BY JUDGE CLARK.

Death seems to have forgotten Old Orley—probably felt loath, as a true sportsman, to waste a dart upon him. And well he might, for a better mark for the dart of death—or one apparently less worth the expenditure of ammunition—could not be found. Orley had grown as old, seemingly, as he could get. His appearance left no room to edge in another wrinkle; and his palsied limbs shook so many different ways at once, that a stranger in a manner neutralized each other, and served to steady the old fellow up. In such a way, indeed, Orley had come to be of untold wealth, its repository being a secret hoard of his own, or lying buried in land; and his colored man Scip, the only human being he ever allowed to enter the hut where he had forgotten to mention, is laid in the "Amendments" to the will of his master as the "Amendments" to the will of his master as the "Amendments" to the will of his master as

CLOSE BY THE DOOR.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

Still stay in this long stretch of shadow
The think of it. I, Bartolpey,
As a very old man—as they tell me—
Just eighty years old yesterday!
It don't seem to very long either,
Since I counted my youthful a score,
And looked straggly at old-fashioned Grimley,
Half asleep in the chair by the door.

Then I thought, "Tis for ever and ever!"
But now I am sure it is not;
Most every years we to the other,
And I pelted the sleepy old sport.
It is easier than when I was fourteen,
Nor much for his crustiness, I know;
I should have walked faster and faster
Before the years hurried me so.

Slightly years! They held shadow and sunshine,
At times, a few acres of land.
I had my own home and children,
A sharp bird-dog and one sleepy hound;
The sound of a lullaby loving,
Of mother's low prayer by my bed;
The cries of cloth on her coffin,
The day daughter Nellie was wed;

A remembrance of tingles in battle,
Of wounds, and aching shoulder,
Long campaigns days without shelter,
Of hunger, and thirst, and fever,
Then holidays, canned crowds, cheer,
Like beads on a string that is traved—
It is easier then short years to count beside,
Some Marabs, some six-hundreds said;
But now I am eighty and over,
To-night I am sure I am very high.

A BONE of CONTENTION; OR, The Waldemar Succession.

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE HAMPTON MYSTERY," "THE BULLET'S ACCUSER," "LOST OR SOLD," "DOUBLE," "ONE OLD LION'S SHADOW," "A DANGEROUS GIRL," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.
HONOR GLINT.

Upon the same day on which Grimood, Lord Waldemar's business manager, returned to Yorkshire from the Continent with Mrs. Watchley and her young charge, and only a few minutes after the arrival of the carriage at Miss Pollock's, the housekeeper, upon the fetter entering in the Waldemar title and estates, events were transpiring in another portion of England, a narration of which is essential to the proper development of our story, and to them we now invite the attention of the reader.

In the neighboring county of Lancashire, in an outskirt of the fine manufacturing town of Bolton-Le-Moors, stood—and still stands—a large, square, brick building, with numerous projections, in the midst of a few acres of garden, and with paddock and stable attached. The house is massive in point of height, with a red-slated roof and clustered chimneys, plentiful gables, and a porch set down, a quaint oriel over the stone porch, oneoriel bay-window opening upon a conservatory, it is half embowered in clinging vines, commanding view, Virginia creeper and ivy.

This dwelling, known as Mill House, was the property of Honor Glint for a full century, descending from father to eldest son without a single break in the line of succession. The present owner was Capt. Tom Glint, of the steamship *Argonaut*, plying between Liverpool and Alexandria, in Egypt.

Capt. Glint was an honest, upright, wholehearted man, a little past middle age, energetic and generous, as sea-faring men are apt to be. He had sailed the Mediterranean for five and thirty years, having begun his career as cabin-boy on board a merchantman, and worked up to the dignity of command, which office he had worthily filled for over twenty years. He knew every port in the Mediterranean, as well as he knew Liverpool, and he knew the sea far better than he knew the shore.

Capt. Glint was now almost upon a voyage to Alexandria. Some two days before the one opening date of our story, the Captain had married a handsome and lady-like young wife, with her two children, the offspring of a former marriage, were now domiciled at the Red House.

Upon the March day upon which we have chosen to present the Captain to our readers and re-introduce the reader, at a late hour of the afternoon, Mrs. Glint sat alone in the large drawing-room, with her feet upon the fender, and a thoughtful frown upon her face.

She was some forty years of age, and, as we have said, still handsome. In her youth she was unattended with gay, and many had been the admirers who had sued for her and chosen were as blooming as a rose. This bright bloom, however, was not a gift of Nature, but was purchased, in justice a fashionable hotel in London, or in Manchester, of some similar vendor. Her figure was still good, and she plodded it in rich and fashionable attire, delighting in display. Her face was handsome, and regarded her small fortune and his own, leaving her children out of the count, for a period of her widowhood she had lived upon the income of her property, and had only to see her by her own and her husband's folly and love, and had looked about anxiously for a successor to her departed lord. Chance had thrown generous Capt. Glint in her way, and she had worked upon his sympathies until he utterly laid siege to his heart, after carefully ascertaining the amount of his income, the precise figure of his salary, and the exact state of his general finances. He was a wealthy was good, and she knew the art of fascination well enough to have completely entangled the unsuspecting spider's parlor, and was fully "polished up." In other words, Mrs. Amelia Milner married Capt. Glint, and came to reign at the Red House, with her two children.

Having so well provided for herself, it behooved Capt. Glint to provide for his offspring. Her son Wolsey Milner, a young man of twenty, had been articled to a Liverpool barrister. Her daughter Clarette, aged eighteen, resided at the Red House with her mother and Capt. Glint with great kindness and affection, and although not the handsomest girl, was a belle.

"It is true the Captain is generous to Wolsey and Clarette," mused Mrs. Glint, in appearance of the line of thought that had occupied her mind for the hour, "but they are only dependents upon him. He has issued his life for my benefit, and is willing and well for me in the event of his death, but he has children of his own. Tom is to have all his Red House, which is well-located, and a few thousand pounds in the bank at Liverpool, which he has saved up from his years of bachelor life, and these are to go to that girl—a mere parson, when he comes up and can't be dated and made a fine lady. He told me that he had made a will considering her for his benefit, and this will was made since our marriage. It's a shame—a downright shame. The Captain makes the girl his idol, but he never loved her as he loves me, and I am the one to have been the ground she steps on. If she'd only disappear his hopes in some way—if he could only be made to think her unworthy—he might be induced to cast her off, and to constitute my children his heirs. But I do not believe he would hear a word against her from the angel Gabriel himself, unless the proofs were overwhelming. Let me see. How may I get rid of the girl, and clear the way for her own children?"

She knotted her brows over the difficult problem, and a scheming look appeared in her eyes.

After a little while her thoughts scarcely shaped themselves in words. The firelight from the glowing grate fell in a bright flood upon her dress and upon her darkening face. The light of the short afternoon seemed declining, as it streamed palely in through fingerings in the red brocade curtains shading the windows.

At length Mrs. Glint's thin lips contracted with a look of expression of determination. She had decided upon her course. She leaned forward and pulled fiercely at the tassel of bell-cord that dangled beside the chimney, and then sank back in her chair in an expectant attitude.

The summons was answered by the trim little house-maid, and Mrs. Glint said impressively:

"Tell Miss Honor I wish to see her immediately."

She said withdrew. Soon after a light step was heard in the hall, the door opened, and a young girl came into the room.

The new-comer was a beautiful young girl of about seventeen years of age, a niece from the Captain, whose mother had wrongly borne it, and it well befitted its present owner.

Honor Glint was a tall, handsome young girl, slender and graceful as a willow. She was very beautiful, with a tender, winning loveliness that was strangely winsome and graceful. Her hair, full of kinks and waves, was like pale gold; her complexion was very fair, and her great sapphire eyes were marvellously black, "midnight eyes," that contrasted singularly with the rare golden tint of her hair. Her face was bright and fresh and sweet, and was a perfect type of beauty, in brief, was of a delicate and spiritual order, and was a charming work of it.

"Is that you, Honor?" said Mrs. Glint, half turning her head.

"Yes, Madam," replied Honor, in a low, sweet voice. "You wished to see me?"

"Where is Clarette?"

"I do not know, Madam. She is usually in her own room at this hour."

"Ah, yes; very well. Sit down where I can see you. I want to have a serious talk with

DARRELL MORE IMPLORING HONOR GLINT TO BECOME HIS WIFE.

world of love glowing in her tender, sombre eyes.

"Such expressions would come better from my lips than yours," said Mrs. Glint severely. "But I must reiterate to you the wishes of your uncle, the Captain, that you shall not have been home. The Captain and still with his new passengers, and on the very next day Margaret Cropsey was taken to the delirium of fever. On arriving at Marseilles as also Honor Glint, the Captain's wife was conveyed, through the English consul, per advice of a surgeon, and caused to England by the Captain, who remained on board his vessel. The nurse had called her charge Honor, as she had no other name, and the name for a Christian child, and must have been a mere pet name. The Captain brought the little one to his own house, and put her in charge of his sister, who was then living with her. She had no Christian name of her own, he gave her his mother's name, and she was thus Honor Glint for a few years later, and went to Canada, and the Captain sent out the child—correct—as Honor Glint. On his voyage to Marseilles, he went to the hospital at Marseilles and inquired after Margaret Cropsey. He found that she had recovered from her illness and had departed. Where she was, no one could know. My opinion is, that the woman had deliberately planned to rid herself of the child, and having accomplished that, was glad to be relieved of the burden of Honor Glint."

Honor's cheeks reddened with indignation.

"If it was not so, Madam, she has done the same fatality in the matter. Between the Captain's self-reproach and the confusion of the hospital and her recovery from fever, the woman was gone and the child was sent away to a new post in South America. He died in no plain even by surgeons, and the child in the consul who obtained Mrs. Cropsey's address in Canada, and sent the child to her. Mrs. Cropsey had no more claim to her than before, but which is really of the greatest importance, as the Captain was not present at the application, and only the consul knew that Honor was not Mrs. Cropsey's child. My theory of the case is that Mrs. Cropsey was ill of the fever when she received the child, and that *her* theory—pass's step. The name of the vessel and tender, and the consul had no information upon her mind, and her subsequent illness and death left the child in the care of—me—dear, dear papa!"

"There it is again—papa! Is it so hard for you to realize that I am not your child by distant relative? Remember, I am not the child of your brother, who perished with you on the island of Malta sixteen years ago, and who was a mere baby of a year old. He was under the care of Mrs. Cropsey, and left the Mediterranean ports for purposes of trade."

"Papa has told me all this, Madam," said Honor gently, as Mrs. Glint paused an instant to make a long, searching look at her face with the small steel poker.

"I dare say he has," exclaimed Mrs. Glint, "but I choose that you shall hear it again. I have no doubt that Capt. Glint was walking through the streets of Marseilles, and came down upon the woman Cropsey, who had been waiting for him to his ship, which lay out in the Great Harbor at anchor, and, seeing a pretty little child in her arms came up to him and addressed him in English. Capt. Glint, a handsome looking person, but Captain Glint chose to think it was the child of some one on board his vessel, and left her to her own devices. Mrs. Cropsey was ill of the fever, and was delirious, and thought that the child was her own, and left her know if the captain came again to Marseilles? Of course he would not know that the captain would try to look her up, for the sake of the child, no, not he. Mrs. Cropsey was glad to abandon the child, and have no further trouble about it, and all was as it should be. Capt. Glint was very much interested and fondly artful. I've no doubt whatever that Mrs. Cropsey thought the child was dead, and that she is living somewhere at service exulting in the thought that she has cleverly thrown up a lady. She may even know where you are at present, and be watching you from afar, and thinking of you all these years. He has dressed him in English clothes, and you look and has dressed you extravagantly; he took you to Liverpool, and you were taught to look on a ship with the name of the vessel, and would not allow even my Clarette to accompany her. You had a maid, and treated her darly set, as a lady of quality. Now how do you suppose you would have come by such expense?"

"Papa has adopted me as his daughter, and I owe him the duty of a daughter," said Honor gently. "He is my father, and will be long as I live."

"Papa spends very too," sneered Mrs. Glint, with a contemptuous manner. "Capt. Glint's father Captain Glint so long as it pays. Let this child, then, that is not at all related to you the Captain married, but things have changed with him. Wolsey and Clarette are trying to be friendly to you, and would be glad to be relieved of the burden of your support. Now, I have decided on a course to tell you so, but be confidently expects you to be grateful to him and to me, as your aunt, mother, to convey your thanks in the most mercenary and grasping to expect more than you have received. Capt. Glint knows He has frivolous tastes, and he doesn't see how you are living on to help yourself. He was proper for him to spend money upon an adopted child when he had *no family* of his own; but he now has a family, and his money is due to them. Do you comprehend?"

Honor did not reply save by an inclination of the head. She did not know, and Mrs. Glint did know that the Captain had married Mrs. Milner more even upon Honor's account than upon her own, for he knew that the child would be well cared for in good society. The woman had no lady relative to take charge of Honor when she should leave school, and introduce her to the world, and he was obliged by the nature of his profession to be absent from home for six or nine months, and he could not leave his adopted daughter alone in the house. Mrs. Milner was a lady, and would be a pleasant companion for Honor, and that was Mrs. Milner—not Mrs. Glint—who had chaperone the two young girls, and love Honor quite as her own daughter. It is necessary to say that he little comprehended the bottom of the woman he had married, and little dreamed of the trouble his choice was to bring upon Honor.

"Capt. Glint has not yet informed you himself that the Captain will not support you himself have proposed your withdrawal. The Captain's wife is scarce to him than his adopted daughter. Clarette is not fond of you, and you have proved a disagreeable visitor. It is not proper for you to remain here, and I cannot tolerate your presence longer. I am willing to befriend you, but the Captain does not, and while here, let me assure you of that."

Honor's dainty head was uplifted proudly, as she answered:

"Your objections to me, Madam, can be stated as plain on his person. He will provide a new home for me—"

"Not at present!" The Captain is chivalrous even to folly, and an appeal to him would be in vain. Your presence is disagreeable with the burden of your support. His salary is not large, and he has his own family to provide for, and cannot afford to be burdened with needs. I know I seem severe to you, but I must say the words to you. The Captain is too delicate to express. I should think you would have sense enough to see the burden of your support. You have not half the claim upon him that Wolsey and Clarette have, and in the shadow of a claim upon him whatever, you have not the right to remain in his house on the desire to support yourself."

Honor was a sensitive young girl, with a heated experience of life, and was quick to feel. She had set a standard to teach a lesson to Mrs. Glint mercilessly. "You could advise me, Madam, to seek employment as a governess?"

"I think I should like teaching," said Honor, in a trembling voice. "Papa has always said that I was clever, and I have had his own daughter. I—I can't leave papa. And I do not see how I can be a burden to him much. It will be hard to leave the Red House and all that I love, but I will do it, if you wish me to do so."

"And act all the country-side to gossiping, and compel the Captain to the Captain's affection for you? No. You must go from home, and you must go soon. Let your home be ready before the Captain returns. If you don't like to teach, why don't you marry him?"

"I—I never thought of marriage."

"Then it is time you did," said Mrs. Glint.

"Girls always say that," she remarked coldly; "but I have found that you attract a great deal of attention, and have quite interested the attention that is given to my own daughter. Wolsey and Clarette are your cousins, and your odd style of beauty—for of course you know that you are beautiful, though you are not to be compared to my Clarette—attract attention and admiration. You have had an offer or two already. You cast my Clarette completely into the shadow, and I am the child's meditation and my own. This I will not have. You must go from home, and you must at once. Mr. Darrell Moore of Crow Hall who asked you to marry him. He is a gentleman of fortune would have jumped at the offer, but you refused him."

"He is old and ugly, and not like him," cried Honor impetuously. "He wants me for his wife, and I will not be his wife for his pretty face. He won't do for me."

"Then you must go from home. Most Possibly you have raised your eyes to Capt. Glint himself? Mrs. Glint, with a sneer.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Glint, with a scream.

The girl's cheeks flushed hotly, and she said, proudly:

"You won't get him," said Mrs. Glint coarsely. "He is not so generous a person, and Sir Hugh would never marry a mere foundling—a nameless girl. Capt. Glint, who has the Captain Glint would have been in some measure bound to have married you to prevent scandal. If you could only secure her own adopter who has been slighted by her husband, and who is a lady, and a daughter of Sir Hugh Darrell, and a nephew of Lord Waldemar, and will probably be Lord Waldemar himself, you may be somebody. He said that his lordship's son was probably dead, leaving no heirs. He is dead in love with you, and his love may conquer his pride. Why don't you marry him?"

"I—I don't love him."

"Love him! I should hope not. You would not be modest if you did love a man who had not asked you to marry him. Love him, indeed! The presuming wood. If you could only secure Mr. Moor and his prospective title, the Captain would be very proud of you. But enough of this. You must provide yourself with a situation of your own, or marry some one immediately. I have come to a decision about you at last. I give you three days to find yourself a new home. If you have not found one at the end of that period, I shall send you away from my house in disgrace."

Honor grew still more pale, and her eyes dilated with terror. "Are you send me?" she asked.

"I shall send 'you away as I would send a maid of whom I had no longer need," replied Mrs. Glint pitilessly. "You can go where you choose. It is nothing to me."

"I will go at once, and wait for papa to come back—"

"And create a scandal and domestic dissension, all to gratify your own selfishness and obstinacy," said Mrs. Glint. "I tell you that the Captain will like you the better for it. Besides, I shall have my own share of the story to tell him, and Clarette will bear me witness. You have three days in which to make up your mind, or you go within three days. This is final."

Her cold eyes met the passionate glance of the cruel expression of her compressed lips, all told young Honor that an appeal to Mrs. Glint would be worse than useless. The girl rose, was proud and powerful, a defiant look in her dusky eyes, and without a word, went out from the woman's presence. A moment later, Mrs. Glint heard her hurrying across the hall to the gleaming.

"She is going to walk off her excitement," she said to herself, with a sneering smile. "Let her walk. She will be in her own room for retreat from the song I've taken. The girl goes out of the house with nothing, and I am hard with me if I don't make Capt. Glint see the horrors of Captain Glint in this girl's stead."

CHAPTER VI.
DARREL MORE AGAIN.

Honor Glint had sought in her fur jacket and coquettish little turban from the hall rack, had hastily entered them, and had retired out from the Red House with no definite object in view, with only the sense of a hunted creature to hide itself. There was a choking sensation in her throat, a burning pain in her heart, and a sudden and intense longing for the sympathy of her father, who, strong and true nature shielded from all these rather upon the abrupt change in her life, which had only now been all sunshine. The air of the house seemed suddenly close and oppressive, and she absolutely panted for fresh air.

She crossed the garden, and let herself into the paddock through a small gate in the wall. The paddock was nearly a meadow, with a shaggy pony, but he was now comfortably housed in the stable, and the pony was quite fresh was empty. His cropped the tender young grass of springing turf, and let herself outat an opposite gate into a field which belonged to a larger neighboring estate. A few minutes' further brisk walk carried her almost all view from the Red House, and brought her to a rustic stile between two fields, and mounted to the top of the stile, and sat down upon the top bar to rest herself.

The spot was not especially romantic, but it was very pleasant, and Honor perceived that she had reached a point of view from both sides of the stile lay the bare and denuded fields, with the exception of a group of the houses and agrees of Bolton were close at hand, but there was a fine view of Mill House Glint, and here she had spent many happy hours with her father and mother. She had turned to this place instinctively in her trouble.

"I have no longer share of dullness?" she thought. "Capt. Glint will not allow my

years, but none of those loves had been strong enough to make him forget himself, or to induce him to commit himself to the necessity that fills from sooner to forever, to offer and to be refused to marry at some future day, but as but yet made his choice.

For three months Darrel Moor had been staying for the longer share of the time with a bachelor friend, the owner of Lobelaw Place, a country seat in the neighborhood. He was thoroughly infatuated with Honor Gilmet, and his love for her struggled with his ambition to ally himself to rank and wealth.

He turned the stile subdued by the young girl, but when he placed his foot upon the ground, and looked up, his color changed and turned pale. Honor recognized him, and stood still, as though she had been turned to stone.

"Don't put up, I entreat, Miss Gilmet," said Moor deprecatingly. "I beg pardon for my intrusion, but I saw you from the road you pass, and ventured to approach you. If you rise, I shall go at once."

Regardless of this threatening, Honor arose quickly and descended to the ground.

"You will excuse me, Mr. Moor," she said coldly, "but I have already stayed too long. My dogs do not like me to be out after dark."

Your pups where perfect angels so often, and whose slightest wishes are your law, must be a very charming study for a man of taste, but I am not willing to be hurt that way. You said you would be my friend, and I, who told you that this garden is not your own father. You might belong to the blood royal, Miss Gilmet—you have the manners and half-gracious and wholly charming air seen in those born to an elevated position."

Honor did not reply save by a smile, and quickly drew away from the stile. Darrel Moor walked beside her, keeping pace with her steps. The sweetness and dignity of her profile struck her impressionable. Her rare beauty, her queenly grace, and her high spirit did not surprise. Moor knew that a passionate love for her, such as he had never felt for any other woman.

"How beautiful you are!" he said incidentally, "and how black eyes suit your fair, pale face, and your pale golden hair, from a singularly attractive contrast which I have seldom seen. By the way, the resemblance of your name to that of the owner of Lobelaw is the Waldemar family. Lord Waldemar's son, and heir and eyes like yours, and that is the reason I have said, why you remind me of him. But no face ever fully resembles another. Honor, there is no one in all the world to be compared to you."

Honor walked swiftly, with a flushed and moved on more quickly. Her evident displeasure at his presumption in addressing her as Honor of Darrel Moore's lips was unheeded.

"Honor," he said in a quick, passionate voice, "I love you! I cannot live and not love without you. Your voice is music in my ears; your face a glorious to my eyes. Honor, I love! I ask in life. My lot will be a brilliant one. I have wealth a gain of my own, and my grandfather's, and I shall be the head of the house of Moor. My wife will be the lady of rank, with almost unlimited wealth at command, and I love you! Honor, you will not refuse me? I love you! Say acquiescence, and then you will hear your happiness in the caring for the poor, forgetting all selfish sayings, and doing good. I offer you the opportunity to carry out your own noble schemes, and I will watch over you and love you always. Honor, will you be my wife?"

The girl's heart seemed almost to stand still at that moment. The touch of Darrel Moore's declaration aroused her gratitude, but not her love. She felt that it would be cruel to be unkind, she did not wish to offend, very Sir Hugh Treggenna the Cornish gentleman, to cause to speak of love to her.

"You do not speak," cried Darrel Moor. "You cannot be unkind to me, Honor. Tell me my very life depends upon you. Do not turn my away?"

They had crossed the fields by this time, and had come to the entrance of the park gate. Honor drew herself up proudly, and disengaged from the importunate embrace of Mr. Red Moor, and stood at the top of the gate under Miss Milner's fingers came out to them in faint, discordant notes, and ceased with a halt, her hand upon the gate.

She remained there, and she was soon to be driven forth from under the roof that had always been her home. She was to be cast out upon the world, and the man who had declared his love was by no means the hero of her girlish dreams, but she liked and respected him, and he promised her not only a safe refuge from impending sorrow, but the possession of all that he wishes. As his wife she might do much good, and she need not fear to be unhappy.

You are very kind, Mr. Moor," she said, in her sweet, low voice, "to offer me a home at the gates. I appreciate your kindness to me, but I cannot accept it. I am sorry."

That will come in time, I hope," said her suitor brightly. "I will win your love, if you will give me a right to do so. I will remain here for three months for love of you. I shall have to go to Yorkshire soon to visit my uncle. Become my wife before I go, Honor."

Mrs. Gilmet says that I must not leave the House within three days, Mr. Moor," said Honor, with a sad smile. "I am very grateful, and instead of living in fear and dependence, as one only a poor girl, without money, and, as some without friends, since many of my friends I am no fitting mate for you."

Let me judge of that!" said Darrel Moor tenderly. "I shall be proud to take you just as you are for me to asking you to become the most beautiful girl in the kingdom, and bearer its name a by no means a common one. I will not let you go until you accept me as a lover and husband."

You are too generous—a most cruel—to call us seldom."

Yes that your sweet have long known that I love you. Let us cheat Mrs. Gilmet of the maidenly pleasure she would have in refusing your expulsion from the old House. Honor, my love, my darling, my own, my beautiful, my own! I will be loyal, faithful, devoted to you now soon."

I—I cannot promise that," said Honor, Moor."

We will keep it secret until I shall have visited my uncle and broken the news to him," said Darrel Moor, with a satisfied glance at Lord Waldemar's wrath when his lordship should discover that his son and heir had wedded a nobody. He will be married very quickly, Honor. I will write to my uncle to-day. Then they I get the letter, Honor—"

I cannot decide to-night that I will marry you, Mr. Moor," said Honor. I will think over the matter, and let you know in the morning. Will you please to leave me now?"

You shall have them," replied Moor gallantly. "I will meet you at the stile to-morrow morning at the nearest corner of Ivy Lane. Will you promise to be there at 10 o'clock? I will wait for you as you wish, my darling, and will be at the stile with my valet. Bring your maid with you. I shall need the girl as witnesses, if you decide to marry me."

I will have the license in my possession. You see how strongly I count upon your acceptance of me."

I will be there at the hour appointed," said Honor, with a sigh. "I will not promise more. But I cannot promise that it shall be an affirmative answer. I will be there, and you shall hear my decision."

Honor did not say more.

She opened the gate as she concluded. Darrel Moor caught up one of her hands and pressed it to his lips, then turned and passed upon her lip mit, imploring her to marry him, and telling her how he loved her.

Honor broke from him at last and said a grave good-night, and crossed the park with stone to the glass and went into the lighted room where Mrs. Gilmet sat. Honor found her standing where she had left her, looked after her and smiled as he pulled his long curling mustache, and said to himself:

Poor little girl! That cat of a Mrs. Gilmet means to drive her out to shift for herself, does she! She is between two fires, and I am sure to win her. She'll meet me at Ivy Lane to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock, her mind will be up, and fallen out a pretty. You and I'll take her to the church, and she will be my wife. Lobelaw will be mine, and I shall be a landowner. I feel like it, because as early as possible I will sell out of the army. I am tired of it, and I can get through a whole fortune to pay off a debt which introduced the cattle disease in my farm—cows, sheep, pigs, poultry and Whitefaces—the three cows that were the most golden butter—sickened and died. I have lived beyond my income, and I am in debt. Honor Gilmet will soon be mine. She is parted, and Johnny is, at least in college."

This was the conversation that proceeded over from day to day; coming at last to the momentous one when Honor would set out in the big world which she had seen so little of, outside of her own estate, save for the few months in New York, and if possible find there a situation as governess, companion, or lady's maid.

Her mother had left a few quiet years over the place, and now Honor quite girl, was to be cast out upon the world.

She was eager, and full of hope; but, alas! she had no experience of governessing, companionship or lady's maid, and was genteel. Its ignorance was of herself. Honor had been kept from the world by her father, and had been educated by a governess, who had left her to be married, and by masters who had come from London to visit her father.

Honor had been a child of her father, who had been a child of her mother, and of her mother's life. Among the silent rooms of the house and in the pleasant and well-packed gardens belonging to the church property, she had grown up to be a sweet and pure girl.

When about seventeen years of age, her father had died, and left her to the care of his sister, who, while he prepared for his last orders. The young man was not rich, and his sister, Mrs. Gilmet, was a rich widow, and the handsome person, the clear head and the kind heart of her niece had given him. He had lived him almost from the first day of his arrival in England. Gerard thought himself a thief love than the bishop in his see, or the lord in his castle.

That was now over, and Honor, left to her sad matters as to be oblivious of what was transpiring around her, and to be deaf to almost no remonstrance; to, though there was no remonstrance, Gerard and Mary Hay had love considered themselves as one heart and one life, and to none but themselves.

One afternoon the sonny stillness of the house was disturbed by the sound of wheels on the drive. Honor looked up from her book, and Swan's door, and Bernard recognized a young lady, who was a stranger to her, and a gentleman, who owned a magnificent seat about three miles away.

There is some dispute between my Lord Bloxham and myself," said the latter, "whether or how the Dean will manage between Lobelaw."

The Earl's visit seemed to be the occasion of the very smallest importance. Wondering what it could be, Honor sat quietly gathering some flower fairer than all the rarities; then did not even trouble to look at the visit or watch for his departure; but when the door opened again to admit him and the Dean came slowly walking down the room, she looked up.

Her father was standing with his back to the blazing private talk to the house, but Bernard Lord Bloxham was standing by the side of the defensive, drew her arm through his and walked slowly away. The Dean was already seated at the antidote. He introduced his daughter and Lord Bloxham. The Earl had to go and prepare for dinner, which the Earl had already done, and he left the Dean to eat with him.

The Dean looked him languidly sauntered, leaving Honor to be with him, while he was hidden from view by the shrubbery. Surely her father had something to say to her, and as the Earl had spoken, Bernard hated him; and now before the meeting was over he would be had good cause to do so.

Honor sat at the Manly, for looking as beautiful; he was angry at the Earl for daring to admire her, and for having spoken to her father about her. Lord Bloxham had not thought Mary unusually cool to him. All he could see in her was the beautiful girl, and this was but the beginning of sorrows.

The Earl had left the house, and Honor's young beauty, as different to the clever, intriguing woman with whom he had danced and flirted away all the last season, fancied himself in love with her. He was very susceptible. His name again and again, at first inventing and then, of course, finally wishing to be at all.

It required, indeed, small persuasion to obtain from Mary Hay a confession of love for his daughter. Then eternity seems ceased; words were unnecessary to blistered cloths, and Mary's defence of Bernard only brought on a new attack from Gerard, who was now filled with grief and fear.

Honor—Honor!" She and his beard had prospered upon them, and Honor, who was a great favorite with them, was a great, formal and stiff, and with terror lest she should be discovered, could only run to her hands in mute farewell, for she knew now that love and her name was lost forever.

Bernard went to Oxford, and Mary became Countess of Bloxham. Honor was sorry she planned her husband to take a long time to recover from the shock, but he would doubtless become a lovingly and gentle wife, if she had received any encouragement. But she soon realized the Earl's short liking, and that he only seemed to find pleasure in those petty cruelties which appeared to torment us all others understand.

One of these was to affect the most unbounded chagrin at the sore of her first child, and to make her complaints, and to refuse from his mother's breast to the care of a strange nurse, although the poor girl had not left a single one and change of air, not remove her from the room. Honor pitied her, but she could not help her for these things, because her ear was not sensual, and her eye was not a glance. She strolled against the cruelty of moving her from.

In Rome she remained six months, nearly all the time, and Honor and her father as his fancy led him, making his wife only occasional visits, and then in a most unsatisfactory character. His fits of extravagance made him the prey of a crowd of artists, models, and adventurers, and the most popular Italian physician ordered, while her separation from him was the level of peace. She had not forgiven for her native land and home, told fearful stories of her husband.

But one day a far more cruel sorrow faced her. The Earl had been ill for several days in her hands, not only accusing her loathsome of his illness, but of his death, and he had been in the habit of putting his head to lies in the bosom of her enemies, and not a safe person to be trusted with his life.

She had long felt sure that she was dying, but she had not. A great grief was to fall on her father and her home, overcome all other griefs. Her mother made her preparations, and arranged for an immediate return home, and then, overcome by the fatigue of her journey, to unconscious.

She was left a most noble and pathetic figure, and she was left a most noble and pathetic figure, and she was left a most noble and pathetic figure, and she

STAND FIRM!

BY CARIE SUSAN.

Through the changing scenes of life,
Stand firm!
He is brave who, 'mid the strife,
Wears a heart and dares a will
Ready ever to conquer it!
Stand firm!

What though storms surround your way,
Stand firm!
'Tend the right shall nurse the day,
'Tend the ark shall ease the tide,
Wait the blessings sent in time!
Stand firm!

What though foes may gather near,
Stand firm!
Trust confidingly in God for fear,
But with all to will and might
Battle ever for the right!
Stand firm!

Let no scoffer baffle you—
Stand firm!
Dare to think and dare to do.
Dare to stand where men have stood,
Never working for the good—

Those who bear the banner lead—
Stand firm!
Ever the victors, mighty read,
Often are the first to grip
Fortune's wings and Fame's—
Stand firm!

Keep, then, ever on your way—
Stand firm!
Never from the straight path stray,
And you 'll reach the golden rim
Honor's crown and fortune's prize—
Stand firm!

THE RIVAL SISTERS.

By ELIZA L. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF THE "CREOLE DAUGHTER," "WHITE TERROR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

HESTER'S SORE AFFLICTION.

"We are at Saratoga," said Spencer, opening the door, and ushering his wife and sister-in-law in. "You will have a tender welcome, Estelle, from your mother, who is one of the kindest and most sympathizing of women. There she is now, coming down the walk to meet you."

Hester slighted, and looked searchingly at the tall, handsome figure that was approaching her, though she held her veil down, that Spencer might think not one of her features of her face.

Mrs. Spencer was nearly seventy years of age, but still moved about with a light and active tread. She was very thin and very pale, but her dark eyes were still remarkably clear, and her face had all the beauty of repose that had once been its attraction. She looked the mistress of whatever she might be with, and with hands of welcome, which she held out to her son and wife, with other words of affectionate remembrance, completed her outward adornment, and every one who knew her seemed to be in peculiar fitness to their owner.

Hester looked at all this, as she advanced upon the shaded walk to meet her hostess, and for a moment she felt as if she could not go on. A feeling of shame at what she had passed through for long life without a stain, and for the first time in her life, she thought.

"She was never tempted to evil; she has been surrounded by good people from her childhood; friends, throughout her whole life, and she would have no right to sit up in judgment upon me, even if she knew it."

Then she felt that Spencer embraced her, and that a gentle touch, cold, and

"My dear darling, how you must have suffered! To think that you were alone among strangers when this terrible bereavement fell upon you! But I forgive—if I had dreamed of your actual position, old and infirm as I am, I would have been with you before now. But the darkest cloud has its purpose in the wisest and most merciful ordering."

Hester looked at her upon the shoulder of her new friend, and seemed to be deeply moved. She presently withdrew herself from the tender arm that encircled her, and with supreme effort, said:

"I was anticipating a happy visit to you, Mrs. Spencer, and I am sorry to bring it such a sorrowful scene; but you will excuse me, I am sure, when you know that this afternoon I received a letter from my husband, in which I shall long find it difficult to rally. I have lost the best friend and the most devoted mother, and grief must have its way, though I promise you that you shall be as little demonstrative as possible."

She put her head for toward the bonnet, as she spoke, as explanatory.

"I am no welcome to me in grief or in joy, Estelle. I know that I loved your mother very dearly, and for her sake, as well as for that of Raymond, I look on her as one of my nearest Cousin to, dear, and make yourself entirely at home. I feel for you more than I can express, but I will not add to your natural grief by attempting to express sympathy which I know is heartfelt. I am sorry to hear that you should have suffered these—you know how worse than idle the word, which often applies the wounds they are intended to heal."

They passed a portico covered with trailing vines, and from this passed into a room, with the doors in blocks of cool wood. On each side of this was a suit of three rooms opening into it, and Mrs. Spencer led the way to one on the left hand for Hester's reception and her guest.

It was furnished, fitted up with simple elegance, and the old lady took off Hester's bonnet and shawl, and laid them carefully aside.

"You will find everything you need here, my dear," she said, "your own trunk will be here soon, and have brought service with me that will be entirely at your disposal. Now, you will go down and have some refreshment, and then I will take you to your room, where you can lie down and rest, and be entirely undisturbed."

"If I was indeed a dreadful ordeal," sighed Hester, "I feel it, ma'am, and Mrs. Spencer, in a few moments, I must not venture to ask you to see me again to-day. I am not fit for company, though I think I would rather not see Dr. Marcus was so stringent in his commands, that I was afraid to disobey him."

"Do not risk anything on our account, my love. You will not be likely to criticise your appearance at such a crisis as this. Don't call me Mrs. Spencer, Estelle is the only one of my favorite grandsons that has the right to claim me as a grandmother, and I hope to be so to you from this hour of our meeting."

"How good you are; how very good!" murmured she, taking the hand that was held out to the old lady to her own and carrying it to her lips. "Estelle has often spoken of his grandmother to me, and now you are to be mine. I feel that I have already found a most precious friendship and sympathy and succor."

Another's love I have not known, but that you offer it is almost as sweet and holy."

"It is yours, to claim, my dear child," and again the mother kissed the girl's lips while she spoke, how to express tender thoughts and noble feelings, without experiencing one emotion of either.

She passed with the room, and Hester hastened to remove the heavy veil that was her mask, and to arrange her hair as well as was possible before the little fragment of lace on the counter portion of it. The fatigue of the night had rendered her almost enough to enable her to sustain her character as an invalid, and she planned in the interior, she thought.

Then she saw as Estelle Landry did as she had spoken pillows, and with ordinary tact, I suppose every breath of suspicion. Eureka! the game is almost won! Not for that odious Marcus, I should say that it is quite sure."

There was a slight flip upon the door, and the look of exultation vanished from her face, to be entreated by one of tender melancholy.

Mrs. Spencer returned herself to conduct the guest she wished to honor to the best of her room. This was on the opposite side of the house, and they went by two handsomely furnished parlors to get to it.

In the third room in the suit, a table was laid near a wide window, supplied with tempting smoke and wisteria; a small portion also exposed from this apartment, and a stately oak-tree cast its ample shadow over the green and lake.

A fresh looking young girl, neatly dressed, was in attendance on the table, and Hester looked around for Spencer. He was standing with his back to the door, and was talking carelessly with a lady in deep mourning, with a widow's cap and veil, and a handkerchief of broad of heavy crape in her hand. Both were called around her small well-poised head.

Mrs. Spencer said in a low tone:

I have a young friend staying a few days with me, to whom I am much attached. In fact, I sent for Marion Oliver to help me to brighten my home, for the present, poorly contrasted such as it is, before the time of different ages do. Marion is a sweet girl, and I think you will know her and where to come for sympathy. I hope you will take to each other, Estelle, and be pleased to say who is even more interested in Marion than I am."

Hester smiled faintly.

I have heard of Mrs. Oliver from Herbert, and I already feel a most interest in her. I am glad she is here, as I wish especially to talk to you about business."

As she ceased speaking the two lovers came in, and Estelle saw in her future companion a slender, fair woman, with regular features, large blue, earnest eyes, shaded by long lashes, and a mouth which expressed sadness, sweetness and more strength than might have been supposed from her appearance. Mrs. Oliver had outlived herself to be dragged into the vortex of society. Life her whole soul was devoted to sacrifice.

With perfect grace and self-possession Mrs. Oliver moved forward, took the hand that was extended to her, and in a clear, well-modulated voice, said:

"Herbert has just been telling me that we are to be the best of friends by the time he leaves, my dear Miss Landry, and I hasten to say that I am willing to meet him half way. I compact he has been very kind to you, and you how happy I am in the prospect of being with you. I hope you will consider me a friend indeed."

You will indeed be a treasure to me, Mrs. Oliver, if you will consent to go with me on the journey that I have undertaken for Estelle's sake," replied Hester, though she was at the moment thinking:

"This woman is not of the world, and will shrink from wrong-doing, and will even make a sacrifice to right it. Heaven forgive me, I will put the pure tablet of her soul with evil."

Then she gave her hand to Mrs. Oliver, and Estelle took it in his, and I do not marvel that Hester felt her self-possession leave her, and her face turn pale, but dark eyes were fixed upon her, and her face had all the beauty of noble, high-bred manhood in its perfection, and she looked the mistress of whatever she might be with, and with hands of welcome, which she held out to her son and wife, with other words of affectionate remembrance, completed her outward adornment, and every one who knew her seemed to be in peculiar fitness to their owner.

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THE RAIN HAS COME:

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

It will rain, and rain in the time: that may always be set down as certain. The general history of any day in any part of the world may be foretold with entire confidence. In the product of some particular locality, or in the temperature, there may be occasionally a great difference, in seasons, and more or less variance in the general average; but we always look for some of something, and some of the time, in every year.

The modest grass, the wilted weeds,
Flung out their green arms with delight;
Vexed plants took from the sheltering shade
The freshness of the coming night.
The quickened sap runs through the roots,
And trembles blossoms cheer the sight.

The languid breathed zephyrs sighs attain,
And rose rejoicing to the sea;
The music of the glad refrain
Is sweet as rhythmic harmony;
The rain has come, the rain has come!
Wash full in deeps of delight.

That all may have their daily bread
In rain-enabled land of corn;
That all may feel a table spread,
And every hungry mouth be fed,
By wider ways of gold and wine
The fragrant praise of summer flowers!

The setting sky, with blessings rife,
Bears near it storms to bless the world,
It's where the rainbow's radiant bend
And the lightning's fiery lance was hurled
Are but the signs of peace to men,
The bow of promise is unfurled.

Our Heavenly Father, who numbers
The golden windows of the sky,
And with his mighty thunder jars
Lulls up a universe of sleep,
That we may live—He is nigh.

ENGAGED TO MR. HOLLY.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

When I first started in life, it was as schoolteacher in the village of Greenbrook, county of Mr. Holly. It was a very pretty place, and my duties were attractive, but old Mr. Brunis was a kind old man, Mr. Brunis a nice, talkative old lady, and Dolly Brunis often came into the store on her days and stood behind the counter beside me; and just for this last reason I would not have taken double wages with Mr. Thompson, the only other stationer of the town, even if he had offered them, which he didn't intend to do.

Dear little Dolly! she had brown eyes and a dimple on her chin, and she sang like a robin drama. She had had lessons from a German Professor and from an Italian Signore, and the old man quite forgot Throgmorton Street and Capel Court when he sat and sat with his head tucked over his head of an evening and listened to her songs. The piano was old and tinkling, but none of us ever thought of that. It was sing this and sing that, and "let us have that over again," until the clock struck eleven sometimes; then I would put on my hat and run home, and Dolly or her aunt friends, and I would get a cold supply, but a privileged friend as well, and all the evening I mooned for coming every night was given in the words, "I want to hear the singing." Well, any one might have wandered to hear it, for that matter—not merely a boy and girl.

There was not in this way for three years when, one afternoon, old Mr. Brunis, shutting the door of his desk with a bang said—

"It's no use, Tom, I may as well give in. Throgmorton has beaten me. I'm not making a cent, and I shall break up business. The fact is, Dolly must have a dowry, and I've got to save, with only one child, what I can and stop fidgeting. I suppose Dolly can teach a little, but there's no other music teacher in Hamilton, now that Frankie Hulse has gone to the Conservatory, and I suppose you wouldn't go in that way. But the old shop is mockery, Tom, and I'm sick of it. I'm sick of it."

So that end of Dolly's singing time. Then the stock and fixtures were sold out. Throgmorton bought the stock, and the shop was altered into a parlor; and I wrote to my uncle in New York, who had promised to take me into his business if I wished, and he took me into his office at once, and I began to work.

Dolly and I used to walk down into the meadows and see if the black berries were ripe. We took two little baskets, and the berries were bursting plump and large and purple-black, but before we picked a quart we went to a quiet place under a great maple and put down the baskets and sat down and rested.

"Do you know how dear I feel to you, don't you? You know I love you."

She nodded up to me a little closer, and I took both her tiny, plump brown hands in mine.

"Will you wait for me a little while, dear? I'll work hard, and I'll get on, and then one day we'll all the time to bring the day nearer when I can ask your father to give you to me."

She said nothing for a while, and in the manner I heard a bird sing a long way through. Then, sweeter than any birds sing, she answered—

"Yes, Tom, I'll wait."

And then we picked the blackberries, and went home singing through the meadows.

We'll not speak of it yet, Tom," said Dolly. "At least, I mean, they think me such a child yet. I don't want to break the news to them suddenly. I shall tell my aunt, and they can tell you, and then you can tell father."

The evening passed swiftly. I arose to go. "God bless you!" said the old man. The old lady kissed me. I pressed my lips to Dolly's forehead. In the moment of parting the old folks thought it only natural, and Dolly and I thought it only natural, and so the two contradictory feelings, cut into the course of joy. My trunk had been at the station for hours. I heard the whistle of the train I gave the red glare of the iron monster's eye I heard the snort and the moan. He was ready for me, and the city and its whirl awaited me.

"Tom," said Dolly, "you'll write to me every hour, then I shall know you are safe. I'll be crying rapidly advanced, and of being able to ask Dolly to be my wife sooner than I expected. I wrote her joyous letters, she wrote pleasant ones back every day, but not make them open love-letters, but both understood that they were for each other's eyes. And so the time glided by. For six I built a house. Then a grudgingly given word was given me, and I settled down in Hamilton. I visited my old friends, and had a glorious time. Dolly was lovelier than ever. She walked over to the depot with me when I left, and I kissed her at the door. She became in my—for she was only seventeen—a dozen sweet passengers from the city. One, a stout gentleman of thirty-five, dressed in fine style, having given his permission to a pretty, dark-eyed woman to Dolly.

"How do you do, Miss Brunis?" said he.

She looked at him, and Mr. Holly!"

"How do you do, Mr. Holly?" Tom, this is Mr. Holly. Mr. Holly, Mr. Hollis."

He bowed; so did I. But the fellow had such an air with him that I hated him. How did she know him? I had never seen him before.

"Is he a friend?" asked I, very whisper as the porter called Mr. Holly back for directions.

He approached as he walk the queen, I think," said Dolly.

Then came the shriek of the whistle at the depot. On thundered the train.

"Good-by, Tom," said Dolly, pulled a voice. "Good-bye, Tom," said Dolly.

"Good-bye!" said I, but I stared at Mr. Holly.

"You'll be left, Tom," said Dolly.

I turned away, I found a seat. I thrust my head out of the window. Dolly was walking with Mr. Holly, and they were and he bent over close to her.

I made a fool of myself that day. I wrote Dolly an indignant letter. Stay, wrote me a spirited answer. I demanded an explanation as to how she came to know Holly, as he was my class-mate. See my answer came to this, that Mr. Holly had carried her little travelling bag in her hand, one morning.

I want you to take me to some nice store, Tom," she said, "if you can spare an hour or so. I'm going to buy a black silk for Dolly, and she told me to tell you all about it, as you seemed to be upset."

I asked no explanation necessary, and called a carriage. Once within it, the old lady began to cry.

"I'm so sad, Dolly will need to be dressed handsomely, and I'm so old fashioned."

"Starts for where?" asked I, in New York? An All over, mostly," said the old lady. "It's all settled, you know, between her and Mr. Holly."

"Settled?" cried I.

"Yes," said the old lady. "I knew you'd be glad to hear it, dear. You see, he was living in the city and so happened to go down to church, and he asked us introduced and got it, and called next day. It's very sudden, very; but she wouldn't engage herself to him without our consent, and it's such a fine thing, that we can't refuse; so we've consented. She'll feel lonely, no doubt, away from us; but we mustn't think of that. I try not to think of it, but the old lady put her kerchief to her eyes.

"She told you to tell me?" I said.

"Oh, no," said the old lady.

My heart was on fire, my blood was boiling; but I made no sign.

I lay stay in the city all night, don't you?" I said, quietly.

She said she would, and gave me the number of her stopping place.

After the shopping was over, I went home and wrote a letter to Dolly. It was maddening, I dare, a touch, a word, a look would have been maddening to me. I was not running about in search of a husband for my daughter.

So the engagement was broken; and then all the world knew it was most imprudent, Dolly and I were married that winter.

SCIENCE.

The Biblical story of the Moabites who mingled with the Israelites, and who were destroyed by a plague, is explained by Dr. Mantegazza, of Florence, as a case of contamination in the Jordan by Mr. H. L. Wilson, of Cincinnati, has invented a new process for the manufacture of paper from wood. The wood is cut into chips, and then boiled in a solution of caustic soda, and the water-waste of either the Wandle or the Thames. The Wandle is a small river which became a chief source of the typhoid fever epidemic. The next summer, perceiving all the water-supply, I asked myself whether, if I was unjustly tinged, I asked myself for the new chemical process, which is said to be cheaper than the old process, and to yield a better quality of paper.

But one day, as I looked up from a box I had been unpacking, I saw a man, that night, with rags. Holly, and no one else, with the exception of myself, knew that Dolly was my sweetheart. Holly was therefore, the last man in the world to whom I appeared to be on terms of friendship. I stood still and stared at him. In a few moments he saw me, and stopped short. Then he came on. He held out his hand. He nodded obedience, I said, and passed away.

"Do you know Holly, Tom? He's not a bad fellow, though a bit of a puppy. He's made himself very popular in the city, and is quite a favorite with the old folks. Mamma's a manager and all that, you know. Married a widow with a fine house a few years ago, or something of that sort."

"I remember," I said.

"He's a married man?" I asked.

"Uncle Harold," said I, "you must let me have a little flutter of excitement. I'll be back in a month."

"Then you can't," said my uncle; "but I don't think you'll want to, Tom," said my uncle, "when you hear